# The Nation.

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## Summary of the News

Rumor at Niagara Falls has been almost as many-tongued as when, in a first fresh outburst of martial enthusiasm, war correspondents fell to alluding to the water works at Vera Cruz as "the front." In last Thursday's papers there was an apparently well authenticated report, which subsequently proved groundless, that the terms of a settlement had actually been drawn up by the mediators, and had been submitted to President Wilson, while reports of insuperable obstacles in the way of a settlement have been of daily occurrence. The outstanding fact of the situation is that mediators and delegates continue to bend all their efforts towards finding a solution of the question, and the cautiously worded statements given out by Justice Lamar indicate that the margin dividing the various parties to the conference is being gradually narrowed.

The attitude of Carranza and Villa continues the most serious difficulty. A message was delivered to the mediators by an agent of Carranza on Friday of last week expressing the willingness of the Constitutionalists to be represented in the peace proceedings, and it is understood that negotiations to that end are still proceeding. The mediators, however, are believed to have insisted on the declaration of an armistice as a first condition to representation, a condition which the Constitutionalists are hardly likely to accept. The situation was somewhat complicated when, on Sunday, Gen. Carranza declared himself provisional President of Mexico, naming Saltillo as the temporary seat of government, and proceeded to the selection of a Cabinet.

The attitude of Villa towards his chief, despite rumors to the contrary, remains eminently "correct," and a statement was issued by him on Monday in which he again denied with an oath that he harbored any political ambitions, but rather serious dissension seems to have developed among the Constitutionalists in the state of Sonora, where there have been severe clashes betwen the civil Governor, José Maria Maytorena, supported by volunteers, and the military commander, Gen. Alfaro Obregon, and his troops. Meanwhile the southern campaign has been halted temporarily pending repairs to the railway between Gutierrez and Zacatecas. When these have been effected, Villa's forces will undertake the investment of the latter city. At Guaymas, the only place where the Federals have so far held their own, following some desperate fighting on May 28, an armistice was arranged, according to an official announcement made in Mexico City, pending the outcome of the mediation proceedings.

Arms for the Huerta Government, consigned to Vera Cruz, were landed last week at Puerto Mexico by the German liners Ypiranga and Bavaria. On the return of the ships to Vera Cruz fines amounting in the aggregate to some $500,000 were imposed on them by the American collector of the port, acting in accordance with Mexican law, on account of their having discharged their cargo at a port other than that which was designated in their papers. The ships were released on the putting up of a bond by the Hamburg-American Line. It is anticipated that the matter may be the subject of diplomatic discussion between Germany and the United States.

A statement on Progressive policies, somewhat nebulous in character, was issued by Col. Roosevelt before his departure for Spain on Saturday, and was published in Sunday's papers. Comment on the statement will be found elsewhere.

The treaty between the United States and Colombia has passed all three readings in the Colombian Senate, and is this week before the House, where it is expected it will be passed without delay. The treaty will probably not come before the United States Congress until after the vote has been taken on the tolls repeal.

The taking of testimony at the court-martial of the officers and men of the Colorado State militia on charges of murder, arson, and larceny was brought to a conclusion on May 29, when the commission adjourned until June 12. The most notable evidence given last week was that of Major Edward J. Boughton, who had conducted an investigation of the Ludlow affair, and warmly praised the conduct of the troops.

By a unanimous vote the House of Representatives on Monday adopted the amendment to section 7 of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill exempting labor, agricultural, and other mutual help organizations from the operation of the anti-Trust laws. We comment elsewhere upon the significance of this amendment, the wording of which is: "Nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-Trust laws."

A disaster second only to that of the Titanic occurred early on the morning of May 29, when the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Ireland was rammed amidships during a fog in the St. Lawrence River off Father Point by the collier Storstad, of the Dominion Coal Company. The passenger ship sank within fifteen minutes of the collision. It was possible to launch only a few of the boats, and many of the passengers were unable to gain the deck before the vessel sank. Four hundred and fifty-two survivors were rescued by the Storstad and by the Canadian revenue cutters Eureka and Lady Evelyn. The number of those lost is estimated at 1,024. An investigation to fix responsibility for the disaster will be held by the Canadian Government at Montreal, beginning on June 9.

Time had one of its revenges last week, when Glenn H. Curtiss made a successful flight with the aeroplane built by Dr. Samuel P. Langley in 1903, which at its original trial fell into the Potomac River, and which has since been reposing in the Smithsonian Institution, pointed at as "Langley's folly."

Reports that the battleships Idaho and Mississippi had been purchased by Greece have been denied from Athens, although it is admitted that negotiations for their purchase had been carried on. The idea of Greece in opening the negotiations was doubtless to offset the recent purchase by Turkey of two Brazilian warships building in the Armstrong yards in England.

News was received on May 29 of the safety of Capt. Robert Bartlett, commander of the Canadian exploring ship Karluk with the Stefansson expedition, and of his company, concerning whose fate the gravest anxiety had been felt. Capt. Bartlett telegraphed from St. Michael, Alaska. The Karluk was crushed in the ice, near Herald Island, on January 16, 1913, but the company was able to disembark on the ice, and there was ample time to remove from the ship stores, sledges, dogs, and the greater part of the scientific equipment. Wrangell Island was reached, and a permanent camp made. Leaving his company in camp, where they are well provisioned, Capt. Bartlett undertook his solitary journey of 500 miles over the ice to obtain help for them. It is expected that a relief ship will be able to reach Wrangell Island by the early part of August.

Premier Gaston Doumergue announced the resignation of the French Cabinet on Monday, and on Tuesday the resignations were handed collectively to the President. The principal reason for the action of M. Doumergue, who formed his Cabinet last December, is said to be uncertainty as to his ability to control a majority in the new Chamber, which assembled on Tuesday, and in the composition of which the recent elections have produced some changes. Differences are also said to exist in the Cabinet concerning the financial measures to be introduced in the new Parliament, and concerning the question of the three years' military service.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Joseph Wilson Swan, the Right Rev. Charles Scadding, Dr. Joseph Edward Stubbs, May 27; E. Yamaza, May 28; Peter Paul von Mauser, Brig.-Gen. James E. Sawyer, Col. Leonard A. Lovering, Prince Peter Sviatopolk Mirsky, Euphemia van Rensselaer (Sister Dolores), Laurence Irving, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, R. B. McClure, May 29; the Rev. Samuel Henry Bishop, Dr. Emil Gruening, May 30; Henry François Joseph Roujon, June 1.

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# The Week

The substitution of civil government for military administration in the territory under Constitutionalist control, and the transformation of Gen. Carranza from "first chief of the revolution" to provisional President of Mexico, are now under way. The process has been accelerated by events in two places—Mexico and Niagara Falls. Both as against Huerta and as against those who are working for a peaceful settlement, Carranza takes a strategic position. It is to him that events point as Huerta's successor, whatever may be the machinery set up for effecting the transference of power; and in setting up his framework of cabinet and provincial government, Carranza is bidding the peace negotiators take notice of this important fact. There is at first sight a certain sense of unreality about the absence from these negotiations of the party and the man that are virtually bound to emerge from the situation. But precisely because of his strong position in the field, Carranza is represented at Niagara Falls. He is taken into reckoning by the negotiators, and his cause is defended by the logic of events—not to mention our own delegates.

Whether the hopes now entertained as to a settlement of the Mexican problem are to be fully realized or not, great things have already been attained. The war-spirit in this country has been shown to be virtually non-existent. This mighty industrial democracy has made clear its unwillingness to be turned aside from its paths of peace by any provocation yet given it by Mexico. If the whole peace negotiation were now to fail, the country would be filled with chagrin, and it would be difficult to cause to flare up again even so much of Jingoism and zest for fighting as manifested themselves a month ago. To have thus tested the nation and found its response one of peace is by itself a wholesome reassuring. Add to this the recovery of good opinion of us abroad. Europe has dropped the first sneering tone which spoke of Yankee land-greed joined to hypocrisy. It begins to seem possible in France and Germany and England that the United States may not, after all, intend to overrun and annex Mexico. And the revulsion of feeling which has come, to our marked benefit, in South America, is something that years of diplomatic and trade intercourse could not have effected. Idealism in an American President is not such a bad thing, after all, when it gains the country instant recognition, and puts in the way of becoming a practical force the friendly coöperation of all the republics on this continent. It seems to have taken a "dreamer" to make this old dream come true.

However complete our arrangements for preventing disasters at sea, disasters will still be possible through the imperfections of human beings. The great lesson of the Titanic was the vital importance of being so prepared as to reduce the loss of life to a minimum when the disaster comes. In her case, it was the shortage in the number of lifeboats that caused the loss of hundreds of lives which might have been saved; and the result has been that ships are now required to carry lifeboats enough to accommodate all on board. In the Empress of Ireland calamity, it was the shortness of time that made the loss of life so enormous. When a ship goes down in fourteen minutes after she is struck, every minute gained by any person on board may make the difference between life and death. And it would be extremely easy to gain many of these precious minutes. An electric bell might be placed in every stateroom, and close to every berth throughout the vessel, all of them controlled by a single switch on the bridge, the turning of which would cause them to ring, and to keep ringing indefinitely. The minutes saved by this mode of spreading an alarm might easily have meant the escape of scores, perhaps hundreds, of those who perished last week in the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence disaster ought to have at least one result: concentration of public interest upon the La Follette bill pending in Congress, and the International Convention on Safety at Sea, also awaiting approval. Unfortunately, neither of these measures is unanimously supported by those who have studied the subject. Thus, it is declared that if the treaty had been ratified, the rescuing vessels might not have appeared in aid of the Empress of Ireland, since it would relax the provision for continuous wireless service. As to the La Follette bill, it is not satisfactory to shipowners, and is obviously drawn chiefly in the interest of the labor unions. As it now stands, it would put out of business many steamers in inland waters, because of the provision that there must be two able seamen for each lifeboat. Here is a great chance for statesmanship. Somebody, perhaps the Secretary of Commerce, might get all the interested together and see if at least a satisfactory bill cannot be agreed upon. The President and the Senate must decide if the treaty constitutes a retrogression as a whole, or whether its good points do not outweigh the bad. Some action on it ought to be taken soon.

It is a pity that President Wilson should have allowed himself to be manœuvred into a false position in regard to his Memorial Day address, and then at the eleventh hour have reversed his decision not to speak. It will be remembered that he similarly vacillated in regard to his Gettysburg address. It would really seem as if the President were often in need of better advice than he is getting—advice that comes in such a way as to carry conviction with it. As a result of this blunder, he faced an almost hostile audience, and lays himself open to the charge of having reversed himself at the last moment for political reasons. Unfortunate as this is, his words of Saturday were golden. Not a Jingo sentiment came from his lips; he refused point blank to glorify war. He dwelt upon the nobler sacrifices of peace, and yet he gave just and unstinted praise to the men of the Civil War, who are, as he said, above all others secure in their imperishable fame and the imperishable gratitude of the republic.

Secretary Lane presents with great force, and with abundant detail, the case for the establishment of a centralized administration of everything relating to the natural resources of Alaska. His communication is addressed to the chairmen of the Committees on Territories of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and is in support of the bills—substantially identical—pending in the two houses of Congress for the creation of a board or commission to have full charge of Alaskan development. The Sec-

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retary points out that "practically all the lands and natural resources of Alaska are still the property of the United States," and that the time is now ripe for the institution of a policy which shall go beyond the mere protection of that property from seizure by monopolists, and shall provide for its use by legitimate enterprise, in such manner as to combine the promotion of the welfare and development of Alaska with the retention by the whole people of the United States of their proper share of the benefits of this great possession. The Government railway has been decided on, and is to be built; in order that this should yield its natural fruit, it is essential that the tangle of archaic laws and of haphazard and unharmonized jurisdictions be replaced by a system of management directed clearly and intelligently to the special needs of the Alaskan situation. Secretary Lane quotes President Wilson's reference to the subject in his message of last December; it is not amiss to add that both the railway and the commission were strongly urged upon Congress by President Taft in February, 1912, in conformity with the recommendations made by Secretary Fisher after a visit of investigation to Alaska.

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The proposal which Prof. W. W. Willoughby, of Johns Hopkins University, made to the Mohonk Peace Conference is characteristic of a teacher of political science; but it is not therefore less significant of the public change since the Conference first met twenty years ago. What he desires is a "case method" of teaching peace. "He would have less reiteration of the principles and platitudes of arbitration, and a more detailed, technical discussion of it, its limitations and advantages." Something like this we have heard from President Eliot, who believes that education in pacificism is so far advanced that it is the constructive labors of peace, sometimes very indirectly related to it, which may now be stressed. The view is obviously open to objection that, even if correct, the work of propaganda must still not be abandoned; a passionate and literary presentation being always required to maintain the heroisms of peace and fraternity against those of war. It need not interfere, in bodies like the Mohonk Conference, with discussion of concrete, present cases of international friction. But Professor Willoughby's plan is built, in the first place, on a diagnosis of popular feeling that would have been utterly impossible twenty or fifteen years ago, as the Venezuela incident and Spanish War testify; and it indicates the emergence of an increasing number of men versed in international law, diplomats, and students interested in the problems and technique of arbitration.

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In Col. Roosevelt's actual address before the National Geographic Society last week, the data regarding the newly discovered river are less precise than those embodied in the telegram given out after the lecture, a telegram addressed to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Lauro Muller, by Mr. Roosevelt, and sent from Manaos. In this dispatch we have a definite record of degrees of latitude and longitude, with an enumeration of the affluents of the Roosevelt river, all of which should enable the recreant mapmakers to redeem themselves. Confirmation of the Colonel's telegram is contained in a dispatch addressed by Col. Rondon to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, and evidently based on the same set of observations. It is printed in the Rio de Janeiro *Jornal do Commercio* for May 2. In parts the language in the two telegrams is almost identical. Col. Rondon states that in view of Mr. Roosevelt's health the party had no time to make an exact determination of where the new river enters the Madeira, but on the fact of the river being an affluent of the Madeira the Brazilian explorer is positive. Mr. Roosevelt has therefore done much more than put a new river on the map. He has shown the old maps to be utterly wrong, not only as to the obscure hinterland, but as to the main stream of the Madeira, on which there has been traffic for centuries. Thus on our best maps, the river Aripuana is shown as entering the Madeira from the right near the fifth parallel of latitude. Cols. Roosevelt and Rondon make the Aripuana enter the new river from the left nearly two hundred miles further south. The affair still has puzzling details for the experts to clear up.

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How much California has needed her Workmen's Compensation act, described as a vast improvement over the existing statute, is evident from figures given by her Industrial Accident Commission. To that body in 1913 were reported 24,177 accidents, 583 of which resulted in death, 864 in permanent disability, and 10,659 in temporary disability; showing that out of every thousand workmen injured 881 were temporarily and 71 permanently crippled, and 40 killed. The total wage loss was placed at $18,255,616. Set against these statistics there was a record, under the old law, of indemnity paid for 10,721 accidents, amounting to $613,862. The new measure is compulsory upon all except employers of casual labor and those engaged in agriculture; it provides, moreover, for a State compensation insurance fund, which since the new year has become responsible for policies on pay-rolls of over $30,000,000. It will protect two men where one was protected before. It is already attaining one of its aims—to increase the precautions which employers will voluntarily take to promote safety; for the report of last year's accidents is accompanied by testimony that the new act has resulted in greatly increased demands for the advisory services of safety engineers, for stereopticon lectures on safety provided by the Commission, and for the establishment of safety museums.

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The American Medico-Psychological Association, in annual convention at Baltimore, rejected the resolutions proposed by the council of the Association recommending the enactment of laws requiring a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind before the issuance of a marriage license. According to a report of the meeting, when the resolutions were presented, a vigorous onslaught was made upon them, and when the vote was put they found but few supporters. It is particularly gratifying to see such evidence of soberness of thought on the part of a body of men whose absorption in their specialty would tend to make them magnify the evil to be remedied, and forget deeper and broader considerations. In this sphere, as in others, one great reason why ill-considered notions so often make such rapid headway is that the people who are skeptical about them or opposed to them do not make a "vigorous onslaught" upon them, but content

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themselves with silence, leaving all the vigorous assertion to the other side. That resolutions recommending the segregation of the feeble-minded, imbeciles, and other mental delinquents, and the establishment of separate institutions for their care, were adopted unanimously, only emphasizes the stand taken by the Association in the other matter. Between a do-nothing policy and a meddle-with-everything policy there is ample room for discriminating judgment.

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Ecclesiastical bodies are often betrayed into adopting ill-considered resolutions, simply because they are presented by a committee. Last week at Chicago the Presbyterian General Assembly accepted a report and recommendation on moral and social questions of the day, against one part of which many prominent Presbyterians are already up in arms. This was in the section dealing with temperance, and all Presbyterian ministers and church members were called upon to resign from clubs where liquor is or may be supplied. Doubtless the author of this recommendation supposed that he was merely proceeding in the spirit of "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing." He could scarcely have been aware of the rumpus which his counsel of perfection would kick up. Many Presbyterians are members of golf clubs, university clubs, social clubs, and are not at all disposed to give up their membership, merely because those who so wish can have drinks served to them. The Assembly's utterance goes beyond the matter of personal habits into that of personal associations. It will, no doubt, be generally disregarded.

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It is a year since the unveiling, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, of a tablet commemorating the services of Dr. S. P. Langley to aviation; a token of a recent general recognition, in at least the upper circles of science here and abroad, of the value of his labors. He has for some time been accorded the credit of being one of the first to study flying on scientific principles, and to make practical application of his theories along the lines on which the art has since developed. Aviation has grown by the process of trial and error, and if his experiments seemingly ended in failure, he gave, nevertheless, a notable impulse. But in the demonstration last week that he builded better than he knew, his practical claims are also completely vindicated. Not merely his fundamental idea, but his construction, is shown to be so sound that all that was lacking was skill in operation; when a Curtiss took his machine, it rose successfully. To those who believe that the solution of the problems of mechanical and scientific progress will chiefly belong to men of exact scientific training and methods, like Dr. Langley, the flight at Lake Keuka will be highly encouraging. It need not detract from the achievement of other inventors, as the Wright brothers; but it vindicates courage and sincere effort founded on exact knowledge. The rusty aerodrome, which would look strange enough beside a finished aeroplane, is evidence that those who have virtually taken the citadel of flying have found, in Clough's phrase, the body of a first crusader before its walls.

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Miss Alice Brown's winning of the ten thousand dollar prize offered by Mr. Winthrop Ames for a play of popular appeal is an extraordinary achievement; extraordinary because of the fact that Miss Brown is a veteran writer of proved talent and with a field and manner of her own. Prize contests nowadays are for the young and unknown, and not rarely for the unschooled. The adolescent victor in such contests wins by virtue of striking a fresh note, the freshness on closer examination consisting in a brave echo of several dead authors and a dozen living successful ones. Since in the terms of the Ames contest it was specified that the play was to be one of popular appeal, there was room for fearing the worst—say, a knockabout farce with pistol-play attachment. The character of the judges in the contest pointed, to be sure, in the other direction. But experience has shown incredible selections made by men of apparently good judgment. Until the prize play is given to the public, the general belief will be that Messrs. Ames, Thomas, and Klauber have reason to congratulate themselves that the anonymous contestant to whom they awarded the prize should turn out to be a writer of proved merit.

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A form of international courtesy in which Americans—from their sense of the value of foreign relics and documents, and their wide acquisitions—ought to shine, has just been exemplified by a trustee of Wellesley College, in the return to King Alfonso of a MS. stolen from Seville, and offered for sale in Amsterdam. The notable precedent for the action, the late Mr. Morgan's restoration to Ascoli of the cope belonging to the cathedral, evoked a display of gratitude which should encourage every similar act. On his recent visit to America Signor Ferrero remarked upon it in connection with a general commendation of the much-slandered American taste for foreign treasures. But between citizens and governments of Europe similar examples of courtesy have recently been displayed. King Alfonso himself, lately noting in the Louvre two suits of Moorish armor without duplicate at Salamanca, was promptly presented with them by the Republic. To apply fully the principle that all objects of art taken by force or stealth from their native surroundings should be returned, would cause one of the strangest migrations in history. But while retroactive measures are impracticable, it is pleasant to see that lovers of art and history are setting their faces against a continuance of anything like sharp practice.

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In spite of Rudyard Kipling's bad language, the war in Ulster refuses to come off. Indeed, Mr. Kipling's bad language is to be explained by the fact that the war has refused to come off. This may, of course, be the lull before the storm, but no sultry atmosphere hangs over Great Britain. If one may judge from the general tenor of news and impressions, a great indifference has settled down upon the British islands, partly to be described as reaction from much talk and hope of a fight long deferred, partly as the reassertion of common sense in face of the outstanding fact that no immediate doom is confronting unhappy Ulster, with six years and two general elections before she must submit to the yoke. There will be a resumption of verbal warfare after ten days or so, when the last formalities attending the enactment of Home Rule take place, and the Government's amendments are made public. But prospect of a mid-summer civil war there is little.

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### *THE COLONEL'S UNCERTAIN TRUMPET.*

Lord Rosebery has said that the relations of a party leader to his followers have never been studied as they should be. One thing, affirmed Rosebery, is clear: the followers impose their will upon their chief as often as he imposes his upon them. Certainly it so seems in the matter of the political declaration which Col. Roosevelt left behind him as he sailed for Spain. It has internal marks which bear out the reports that his Progressive counsellors fairly demanded of him that he publish a statement. They were only too conscious that they needed encouraging. A bugle blast from him would hearten their despondent party. The Colonel himself said that it was doubtful if he could find time to put the trumpet to his lips. But finally he yielded to the importunities of his friends, though it must be said that the result was that he gave a most uncertain sound. If it was meant as a signal to the Progressive army to prepare for battle, it can only provoke comparisons with the French Colonel of the *Anti-Jacobin*, of whom it was written:

> He fled full soon, on the first of June,
> But bade the rest keep fighting.

We have had, of course, only a preliminary winding of Mr. Roosevelt's horn. He will be home again in a month, and will undoubtedly plunge into the political fray. To keep out of it would be impossible for him; and he would not be very fastidious about the point where he plunged in. He would sympathize with Gen. Kearney's direction to go in anywhere, as there was "beautiful fighting" all along the line. But we think he ought to be warned against following up the plan of attack on the Wilson Administration which he indicated on Saturday. For by assaulting in that way he would obviously be in danger of riding down more of his own soldiers than of the enemy, and even of unhorsing himself.

He proposes to hold the President and the Democratic party responsible for bad times. "There is widespread apprehension." "The pinch of poverty is felt." Well, if that is true in 1914, it was much more true in 1907. There has not yet been a Wilson panic, as there was alleged to be a Roosevelt panic seven years ago. The *Nation* can speak with the more frankness on this point because we steadily contended in 1907 that it was unjust to charge up to the Roosevelt Administration the financial crash of that year. But if Roosevelt himself is now going over to the doctrine that the President is to blame for bad times, how can he possibly escape the deadly consequences of his own logic? If he now steps forward as a guarantor of "prosperity passed around," it will be incumbent on him to explain why he passed around distress and misery in 1907. It is plainly inadvisable for him to grasp a two-edged sword that is certain to wound himself.

Equally ill-judged is Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that the reduction of the tariff has not helped, and that nothing has been done to "solve the Trust question." A man who is on record as having been frightened out of his determination, as President, to urge Congress to reduce the tariff might with more grace leave that topic alone. Moreover, it can fairly be argued that the moderate lowering of the tariff by the Democrats is in line with the asserted purpose of the Progressives, as laid down in their 1912 platform. In fact, as Representative Palmer points out, nearly all the Progressives in Congress voted for the Underwood bill. Were they right or wrong in doing so? And as for the Democrats being clear off the track as regards dealing with the Trusts, the Colonel might rather have accused them of stealing his own idea. For are they not acting as if bent on legislating in order to carry out one of the planks of the Progressive platform? We mean the one promising "a strong Federal Administrative Commission," which was to "maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, . . . doing for them what the Government now does for the national banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission." Why, the pending Trade Commission bill is so palpably in line with this that the Colonel might have called upon good Progressives to rally to its support! But that, we suppose, would not have been hitting the line hard.

The net effect of Mr. Roosevelt's hurried and rather halting pronouncement will not be great. If it was intended to yield good cheer to the Progressives, a portion of that good cheer has plainly been "passed around" to the Democrats. They feel that their way will be made easy for them by a continuation of the split among their opponents. On the other hand, the Republicans are led to believe that the lack of vitriol thrown their way, in the Colonel's statement, prefigures his return to the party of his first devotion. He is, in any case, plainly waiting to see how the course of politics—the true River of Doubt to him just now—will change, before taking a more vigorous and positive line of conduct. Meantime, those of his countrymen who think will be inclined closely to scrutinize his implied programme of prosperity for the rich and a chicken in every workingman's pot. This would mean a combination of high protection with the doctrine of a division of goods—a sort of alliance between standpatism and sans-culottism.

### *BLOWING HOT AND COLD WITH LABOR.*

If there were no other objection to the so-called compromise agreed on by the President and the Democratic leaders on the one hand, and the labor-union men on the other, and passed unanimously by the House, its dishonesty would be sufficient to condemn the proposal. This dishonesty consists in something far beyond any ordinary question of legislative obscurity or vagueness. The words which have been added to the clause in the Clayton Anti-Trust bill may be interpreted so as to add nothing at all to the meaning of that clause, and they may be interpreted so as to bring about that complete exemption from the operation of the anti-Trust laws which the labor-union men desire. And the proposal is being accepted by both sides not *in spite* of this extreme and fundamental ambiguity, but *because* of it. We confess our own total inability to determine which of the two interpretations would be most likely to be given to the words by the courts; and it is upon the general existence of such inability that the whole scheme is based. The labor men are to accept it because it may give the unions all they want; the opponents of class legislation are to accept it because it may give the unions nothing at all. To write such a provision into the statute-books of the country, to do it deliberately and for the very purpose of conciliating each side by holding forth the prospect that the other side will get the gold-brick—this can be

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characterized by no term less harsh than that of a degradation of the law-making function.

The objection of ambiguity applied, indeed, to the labor-and-agricultural organization clause as it stood in the first place. It was as follows:

> That nothing contained in the anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural, or horticultural organizations, orders, or associations, instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations, orders, or associations from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof.

If by "legitimate objects" was to be understood objects not in conflict with the general provisions of the law, this gave to the organizations in question no special privileges; if, on the other hand, the phrase were to cover all the purposes and practices which such organizations were in the habit of pursuing, it might go far towards exempting them wholly from the prohibition of the law. But assuming the first interpretation to be correct, the provision would still have the effect of completely meeting the contention of Mr. Gompers that, under the Sherman act, it might be possible for the courts to declare these organizations illegal in their very nature. The words which have now been adopted by the House—

> nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-Trust laws—

either merely say the same thing over again, or go the whole length of taking these organizations—and apparently even individual members—out of the jurisdiction of the general law altogether. It is therefore literally true that if this should be put into the law, nobody knows whether it would have no effect whatever, or whether it would give the labor unions the whole of their most extreme demand.

What that demand is, everybody knows. There is no secret about it. Labor unions desire a declaration that nothing in the anti-Trust laws shall apply to them. That the President is opposed to such class legislation, that he regards it as intolerable, he has indicated in various ways, and on various occasions. It has been given out that he would veto any bill that embodied such a provision, or a provision coming near to this. When he gave his approval to the amendment, it must have been with the expectation that it would not produce the effect which alone makes it acceptable to the labor-union men. We confess that we see no point of view from which this position is defensible. If the words mean nothing, the labor men ought not to be deceived into thinking they mean something. Moreover, the matter cannot end there. What they think they are getting, or may be getting, this time, they will demand next time as a matter of good faith. *Obsta principiis* is the only rule in a question of this kind. The time to assert the integrity of the law is when that integrity is first attacked, not after a breach has been made in its defences. The case is that of the Sundry Civil rider over again, only worse. Mr. Wilson let that go through, on the express plea that it would make no difference—that in any labor-union case he would use funds other than those forbidden. That the principle of the rider was wrong, he plainly stated; he let it go because it would have no effect. In this present matter, it is not in his power to determine whether the effect will follow or not; yet he seems ready to waive the principle on the mere hope that the effect will not follow. Will not the natural next step be to abandon the principle outright?

## *THE TRUST BILLS AND BUSINESS.*

In replying to the representatives of Western manufacturing interests who called upon him on Thursday of last week, President Wilson gave three reasons for thinking them mistaken in asking for a postponement of most of the Administration's anti-Trust programme. They had urged that in the present unsatisfactory condition of the country's business it would be unwise to enact, on top of the tariff and currency acts so recently passed, a mass of new legislation affecting the conduct of business generally; that action of this sort should not be taken until a thorough inquiry had been made by a commission which should consider the actual facts of the situation and report what measures would meet it in a satisfactory manner. To this the President replied, in effect, first, that it was better to do the thing now than to do it later, because uncertainty is the worst thing that can happen to business; secondly, that it was better to pass the moderate bills proposed than to invite the danger of extreme measures through the accumulation of more radical forces; and thirdly, that the present business depression is "merely psychological," there being "no material condition or substantial reason why the business of the country should not be in the most prosperous and expanding condition."

There would be force in the first point if the business world were laboring under a kind of uncertainty similar to that which precedes the enactment of a tariff bill—uncertainty which affects the particular operations of specific business enterprises, and which the enactment of the law would remove. This resemblance, however, does not exist in either respect. If the tone of business is depressed by uncertainty as to legislation, it is not because a man does not know what goods he will be well-advised to buy, or sell, or make, because of possible changes in the law which will affect their prices; it is because of a vague, but none the less important, feeling that business in general may be disarranged, in ways that nobody can define, by the action of Congress. And, so far from this kind of uncertainty being eliminated by the carrying through of the Administration's legislative programme, it is quite within the possibilities—even the probabilities—that it will be increased. The Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases brought about a definiteness, as well as an effectiveness, in the Sherman Anti-Trust law which had never before existed; the new legislation bids fair to introduce new uncertainties, the extent of which no man can foretell. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly"—but that "if" is of the essence of the matter.

The second plea is one that can always be urged for any measure to which conservatives object. In the present instance, it is entitled to even less weight than usual, since, so far as regards a large part of the proposed programme, there is hardly any perceptible pressure from radical sources in its favor; nor does it involve any clear principle which is being opposed by the business world in a standpat spirit. In such a

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matter as workmen's compensation, or the income tax, there is much validity in the argument that if the capitalist class opposes such a concession to the demands of the time, the resentment provoked by their attitude will result in the pressing of more radical measures; but it is difficult to see anything of this nature in the present situation relating to the Trust bills. What the business world says is that it does not want legislation for legislation's sake; that laws should not be passed on the subject without substantial assurance that they will accomplish great good; that there is no possibility, in the present session of Congress, of subjecting these bills to the kind of examination and amendment which would be necessary for such assurance—the kind that converted the banking and currency bill from a dangerous and unworkable into a safe and workable law. To these arguments the reply that if we don't take what is offered we shall have to put up with worse is certainly not one that commends itself to any man who has the courage of his convictions.

Finally, we are told that the trouble with business is psychological, that the material conditions are all favorable. Well, is not that precisely the point that Mr. Wilson's visitors were making? What they are asking is that one of the causes of that psychological condition be removed. If the trouble were in things over which we have no control—if it were in bad crops, or the exhaustion of capital through overconfident enterprise—the President might well say that his visitors were looking in the wrong direction for relief; but just in so far as the trouble is psychological, they are justified in insisting on the importance of the effect of anything the Government may do, or leave undone, on the temper of the business world. If there were a clear case for these bills, a case grounded on their inherent merits and necessity, it would be right to pass them, whatever their immediate effect upon business. But since their case is highly doubtful in itself, since there is no time for their proper consideration or amendment, and no sign of genuine public demand for their enactment, the all but universal desire on the part of the business world for their postponement is, in the present condition of trade and industry, entitled to serious consideration.

## *AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE SLAVS*

The death of Francis Kossuth, which we recorded last week, has come at a time when the fortunes of the Independent party, of which he was the leader, are on the decline. This has been brought about by internal political developments within the Dual Monarchy, but to a greater extent by the remarkable changes in the international situation in the Near East. The Independent party, under the son of the great Kossuth, came prominently to the fore about a dozen years ago. Its aim was the reduction of the relations between Hungary and Austria to a personal union; and there were those who anticipated that even this slender tie would disappear with the death of the venerable Francis Joseph. This was the time when the break-up of the Hapsburg monarchy was so confidently predicted.

The great issue on which the Hungarian patriot party carried on its campaign was the complete Magyarization of the Hungarian army. For years the battle raged over the so-called "words of command," the demand that the Magyar troops should be not only officered by men of their own race, but drilled and directed in their own tongue. Many concessions were made by the Emperor, but on this last point he has remained obdurate. The Independent party never came into power, but has been strong enough at times to prevent the long continuance of orderly constitutional government. Hungary during the last decade has been ruled largely by bureaucrat Cabinets which have managed to do business by alternately bargaining with the Opposition and threatening it. At one time the Independent party controlled a majority of the Diet. To-day it hardly numbers a hundred followers, divided into two factions, led by Kossuth and by Justh. The death of Francis Kossuth seems to promise its further disintegration.

A masterly counter-stroke to Magyar aspirations came in the year 1905 when the Fejerváry Cabinet brought forward the proposal of universal suffrage for Hungary. This was carrying the war into the enemy's territory. It was the weak point in the case of the Magyar nationalists that, while striving to vindicate their privileges against Austria, they were themselves in a minority in Hungary and jealous of any concessions that might threaten the Magyar ascendency over the Slavs, Rumanians, and Ruthenes under the Hungarian crown. Universal suffrage would have badly shaken, if not totally undermined, this ascendency; and to the present day the project of universal suffrage has remained in suspended animation. To the same degree it has remained an effective weapon in the hands of Ministries nominated from Vienna. In Austria universal suffrage became a fact in 1907, but in Hungary at the present day the electorate is only one-fourth of the male population over twenty years of age. To ward off the ever-present danger, the process of Magyarization has been carried on ruthlessly among the subject races; and with perceptible effect. In 1890 the Magyar element numbered 48 per cent. of the total population of Hungary. In 1910 it had risen to 55 per cent. Yet this is obviously no such overwhelming predominance but that universal suffrage would bring about a radical redistribution of power among the races. The menace is present, and the comparative slackening of Magyar self-assertion as against Austria is partly the result.

Developments in the Balkans have been working for harmony between the two parts of the Hapsburg monarchy. The high tension in international relations which set in with the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina some five years ago made it more unlikely than ever that the Emperor would consent to any concessions that might weaken the efficiency of the Dual army. The recurrent crises that marked the progress of the Balkan wars accentuated this tendency. In earlier discussions regarding the possible break-up of the Dual Monarchy, the habit was to assume that Austria needed Hungary more than Hungary needed its partner. But the Balkan wars, and in particular the second war resulting in the aggrandizement of Servia, aroused disquiet at Budapest. Servian ambitions, fired by unanticipated success, are now directed towards the realization of the ideal of that Greater Servia which cannot be complete without the three million Serbs and Croats now under Hungarian rule. There is danger also on the Rumanian frontier. Rumania, too, has profited by the Balkan wars, and nation-

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alist aspirations are consequently turning towards the three million Rumanians in Hungary. The danger may not be immediate, but what is, indeed, immediate is the unrest created among the Slavs and other subject races in Hungary by the triumphs of their kinsmen to the south.

Events have thus tended to remind the dominant Magyar element that their case is not so different from that of Austria, of which they have been in the habit of thinking as a conglomeration of peoples ready to fall apart. Pressure from the southern Slavs is bound to increase. There are Hungarians who take a pessimistic view of the final outcome. But even optimists are recognizing that the two partners in the Dual Monarchy have greater need of each other than ever. Under such circumstances, it is not likely that they will waste their energies in quarrelling with each other. Of this, the decline of the Independent party in Hungary is a sign.

## *A NOTABLE PUBLIC SERVANT.*

In an hour when we hear more complaints than ever about our State Legislatures, and more than one Governor is proved unequal to his task, a recent happening in Massachusetts reminds us that there are some American public servants of most satisfactory type and service of whom the general public hears but little. We refer to the retirement from the office of chairman of the State Board of Health of Dr. Henry Pickering Walcott, after thirty-three years of devoted and enlightened service with that body. No less than 2,200 physicians and surgeons united in an address to him in which they recited his many and varied responsibilities of the past, recalled the fact that he was invariably reappointed by Republican and Democratic Governors, and declared that he had met all the duties assumed "with such wisdom, discretion, and rare modesty as to make the task of your successor who would uphold the standards bequeathed to him a difficult one indeed."

Such "rare modesty"; so great was it that, although this useful public servant had toiled thirty-three years for his State, it might almost be said, as in the Scripture, "Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." Dr. Walcott, were he less modest, might have claimed for himself a large part of the credit for the remarkable water supply of Boston and its neighboring towns, in obtaining which he was a prime agent; just as he led in the work of establishing the North and South Metropolitan Sewerage systems, in improving the Charles River estuary, and the Concord, Neponset, and Sudbury Rivers. Under his guidance the sanitary conditions of numerous towns and cities in the State have been vastly improved. Yet if he were asked as to his own share in it he would probably say that it was all done by sub-committees of the State Board. He would doubtless even deny that his own connection with the Board was a chief reason for its being wholly out of politics, and for its having such a high standing with the Legislature that, since 1886, when he became chairman, the State's lawmakers have invariably referred to it all important sanitary matters, instead of creating special commissions. Because of this the State has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars and takes front rank among American commonwealths for its handling of these questions. As the letter to Dr. Walcott states: "The investigations and recommendations of the Board have commended themselves to the Legislature and in general have been carried out ultimately as presented. . . . You have borne the responsibilities both of recommendation and of execution."

Meanwhile, Dr. Walcott has found time to be chairman of two State Commissions to consider various important tuberculosis problems. During almost this entire period he has given, as an Overseer, and as a Fellow, since 1890, the same kind of administrative service to Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1858. At times he was acting president in Dr. Eliot's absence, and there are many who believe that his years alone prevented his being Dr. Eliot's successor. Always he has been a wise and judicial executive, weighing the evidence and deciding with care, and invariably abreast of the times in his knowledge of progress in medicine, science, and the arts—rare traits these when reputations for acquiring all-embracing knowledge overnight are so readily made! Such talents as his might early have won him distinction in many money-making fields. As a physician he no doubt could have earned startling fees, and as a consulting sanitarian he might have made his fortune. He has deliberately chosen to be, if not a "poor wise man," a wise man who lives as modestly as befits a great one, and has rejoiced in a wealth of the "durable satisfactions of life," of the dividends that accrue to him who gives his life in keenest intellectual pursuits for the benefit of others and the general welfare of the community.

What a rare taste Dr. Walcott's is; how out of tune with the time! He has flung away his talents, according to many. He should have written as an expert for our muckraking magazines, yet the columns of *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* knew him not. He has had no press agent. He did not blurt out his views when the Lawrence strike was on and rush to the White House to tell the President what was his duty, nor seek the factory-owners to tell them theirs. He never rose in public hearings uninvited to say "Civis sum" and orate to the reporters. In fact, he bore no resemblance whatever to the type of the Lindseys, who can never be accused of hiding their lights under a bushel, and who can scent capitalistic conspiracies from afar. Dr. Walcott fought Beasts, too—beasts of ignorance, of disease, of neglect. By his quiet, constructive work he insured life to millions. Yet he never wrote a book about it, never called himself a Progressive, or pronounced himself a saviour of society, or boasted of a single achievement. He has merely gone on being a quiet, honest, high-minded gentleman, happy in his service to the State, content—though "no man remembered that same poor man"—in a patriotism that cannot be surpassed, certainly not on the field of battle. So long as Massachusetts or any other State can have such service as Dr. Walcott gave, no American need feel that the science of government fails to advance within our nation. But it remains the duty of all teachers of our youth to bring out the lasting value of such great constructive service as Dr. Walcott's and its vast importance, despite the absence of all flourish of trumpets and of all methods of self-advertisement.

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# Foreign Correspondence

## "KILLING WITH THE MOUTH"—RUDYARD KIPLING'S ATTACK ON THE GOVERNMENT—PETITIONING THE KING.

LONDON, May 22.

"Scathe: to injure, especially by blasting or withering up." So runs the dictionary definition. When, therefore, one reads on the contents bills of a daily paper the line, "Rudyard Kipling's Scathing Attack on the Government," it would seem a safe inference that "the Laureate of the Empire," as his admirers call him, has achieved something that the Opposition forces in Parliament have for eight years been attempting in vain. It is to the man of letters, we have been assured again and again, that we must look for a really statesmanlike solution of the problems of the modern world. While the party politicians—ignorant and stupid creatures like Herbert Asquith and Viscount Morley and Arthur Balfour—are still occupied with their sordid wrangles, the poet or the novelist, from his vantage-ground of unprejudiced detachment, can alone deliver the nation from its perplexities by bringing his clear intellect and calm judgment to the redress of the people's needs.

The utterance by which Mr. Kipling has thus revolutionized the political situation took the form of a speech at a recent Unionist meeting on Tunbridge Wells Common. He compared the present Cabinet to the embezzlers, murderers, and other criminals with whom his duties as a reporter used to bring him in contact in India. When a man got crooked, one thing led to another, until, at last, he had to put some one out of the way to get straight. That was just the history of the Cabinet. Their crooked work led to the passage of the Parliament act by which they assured themselves of a straight run of at least five years' salary. Then they had to give private members of Parliament a direct financial interest in voting for Cabinet measures, so the House embezzled public funds by voting itself £400 a year per head as salary.

But, even then, their majority was not big enough, so they bought the Irish Nationalist vote by means of the Home Rule bill, which broke the faith of generations, and subsidized the secret forces of boycott, outrage, intimidation, and murder. It was to men with such a record of crime and hatred that the Cabinet prepared to hand over a portion of the United Kingdom, for no other reason than that they might continue in enjoyment of their office. Mr. Kipling continued, in the same vein, to describe how one thing led to another, until, in order to get straight again, the Cabinet decided to put Ulster out of the way by organizing a killing on a large scale, but was foiled by the patriotism of the army, which, to its eternal honor and glory, saved the Empire.

Once upon a time, a popular writer of verses poured scorn upon the people who thought they were making a real contribution to national defence by killing Kruger with their mouth. Killing Asquith with one's mouth is just as easy and just as contemptible. Yet, after all, Rudyard Kipling's tirade of vulgar abuse is a valuable service to political history. In days to come the student of this period will dig it out from the newspaper reports with the same delight with which the archæologist discovers in the sands of Egypt some authentic record of ancient life. For this speech crystallizes, in half a column of print, the unthinking rage with which the present Government is regarded by an influential class of its opponents. For a generation Mr. Kipling has been "the high priest of Imperialism." This latest outburst is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the Imperialistic temper. It shows what a man of exceptional talent may come to when this madness begins to work in his brain.

Not a few suffragists who do not ordinarily endorse the "militant" programme have supported the plan for presenting a suffrage petition directly to the King. The idea is, of course, utterly preposterous, and could not be approved by any one who had the least glimmer of an understanding of the function of the Crown in the British Constitution. It is quite true that, technically, the King receives petitions from his subjects, just as, technically, he personally appoints every captain in the army. But in constitutional practice petitions, and the deputations that present them, are received only through Ministers. The situation has been plainly put by Sir H. H. Johnston in a letter to the committee of a suffrage society, of which he is a vice-president. "For good or ill," he reminds them, "we have deprived the Sovereign of all initiative action in legislation, and it is as absurd to invoke the precedents of the seventeenth century in this respect as to petition the extinct Star Chamber. If suffragists are to invite the Sovereign to be unconstitutional over the woman's vote, they cannot complain if he is similarly unconstitutional in opposing or initiating other legislation they might vehemently desire or dislike. If the King is advised not to receive this deputation by his Ministers, how can he reject their advice? He might, on the same grounds, next year or in the next few years, refuse to sign his name under 'Le Roy le veult' at the foot of a great measure of female enfranchisement."

The ceremony at what was to have been the opening of the Anglo-American Exhibition on May 14 was marred by an absurd fiasco. The invited guests had the pleasure of listening to the speeches that had been prepared by the Duke of Teck, the Earl of Kintore, and other distinguished persons, but all they were permitted to see of the show itself was gained by peering through the dusty panes of locked doors. Disappointing as was this failure, the explanation of it is, in one respect, highly creditable. The doors of the halls were closed because the exhibition authorities had not satisfied the London County Council inspectors. The management complains that the inspection was made so late that there was not time to comply with the official requirements before the day fixed for the opening ceremony. Be that as it may, it is satisfactory to know that no influence can deter the Council from insisting upon the precautions that it considers necessary to provide for the safety of the public.

The purveyors of popular entertainment ought already, one would imagine, to have learned this lesson of the inflexibility of the L. C. C. from what happened in connection with the opening of Oscar Hammerstein's opera house in Kingsway a few years ago. The first performance was advertised to be given on a certain Monday night. Up to the previous Saturday afternoon Mr. Hammerstein was confident that he should be able to induce the Council to abate some of its conditions respecting exits, etc. Only then did he realize that he was up against an authority whose instructions were not meant to be a basis for discussion, but were as absolute as the fiat of a Czar. When at last the truth dawned upon the astonished proprietor of the new building, he had to get together, post haste, a staff of workmen and keep squads of them at it, night and day, until the structural alterations were luckily completed just before the first ticket-holders appeared at the doors. It was a narrow shave for Mr. Hammerstein, but the reminiscence of it is apt to be somewhat exhilarating to those who take a pride in the efficiency of the Council.

H. W. H.

## JAPAN'S DEFENCES BY SEA—THE FIVE NAVAL PROGRAMMES SINCE THE WAR WITH CHINA.

TOKIO, May 12.

So much has been said of late about the development of militarism in Japan, and her alleged naval programme of elaborate and even sinister proportions, that an examination of the facts is but fair to Japan and may prove of considerable interest as a relief to apprehension, so far as it exists abroad.

What actually is Japan's naval programme is an extremely difficult question to answer offhand; for not only is it wrapped up in the secrecy that naturally pertains to such questions, but it is rendered still more complicated for the outsider to unravel by the fact that it consists of a series of programmes doubling upon one another.

There are at present in force five naval programmes, which have been inaugurated by the Imperial Navy and approved by the Imperial Diet. The first one was inspired by experiences in the war with China, when Japan for the first time began to realize the importance and necessity of an adequate naval force. At the time that war broke out, Japan had a fleet of thirty-three ships, aggregating a tonnage of only 61,000, and no battleships at all comparable to those possessed by China. Only after Japan had succeeded in torpedoing and sinking at Wei-hai-wei China's two big ships was the intense anxiety of the nation relieved. No sooner had peace been resumed than Japan set about elaborating a naval expansion programme of 211,000,000 yen, and this, her first, naval programme was carried to completion in 1911. What it did for the Imperial navy may be inferred from the fact that in 1903 Japan

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found herself in command of a fighting force of seventy-six ships, with a total tonnage of 258,000.

In this year came another naval expansion programme authorizing an expenditure of 99,000,000 yen, spread over a space of twelve years, ending in 1915. This programme involves the construction of a certain number of battleships, naval weapons, buildings, a replenishment of war craft, and repairs to naval ships. In 1904, another naval expansion programme was launched, involving an outlay of 123,000,000 yen, spread over seven years. Again, during the war with Russia, a further plan for laying out 76,000,000 yen on the navy was promulgated, the time required being seven years. In 1910 appeared a fourth programme for spending on the navy the sum of 80,000,000 yen in six years; and, lastly, in 1911, the Saionji Cabinet promoted a scheme calling for an expenditure of 90,000,000 yen, to be spread over a period of ten years.

Since the war with Russia there have been added four battleships, eight first-class armored cruisers, six other cruisers, besides numerous smaller war craft —all these in addition to the twelve battleships captured from Russia, having a displacement of some 103,500 tons.

A comparison of the fleet that faced Russia with the present naval strength of Japan will further indicate to what extent the naval programmes have been executed, as well as the nation's position as a naval power on the Pacific. Japan met Russia with six battleships, eight armored cruisers, forty-four minor cruisers, as well as other warcraft, including eighty torpedo-boats and nineteen destroyers, representing 157 ships, with a total tonnage of 283,743. To-day the Japanese Empire commands a fleet of fifteen battleships, three of which are of dreadnought strength; thirteen first-class armored cruisers; seven second-class cruisers; thirteen third-class cruisers, representing an aggregate tonnage of no less than 453,115, to say nothing of her sixty destroyers, fifty-nine torpedo-boats, and thirteen submarines, as well as her efficient aerial corps.

Under the fifth expansion programme of 1911-12, her naval strength is greatly enhanced, but this programme is as yet only on paper. It involves, however, an outlay of some 90,000,000 yen, much of which is to be devoted to heavy fighting units. The most deadly weapons of the Japanese fleet are not her dreadnoughts, so-called, but her magnificent array of fast armored cruisers, with a speed of over twenty-six knots, and heavy fighting equipment.

The concluding naval programme of the Japanese authorities was seriously interfered with by the action of the House of Peers at the last session of the Diet in refusing to concur in the naval budget, deleting a sum of 70,000,000 yen from the estimates. This attitude ended in the downfall of the Cabinet.

Japan asks and will insist upon the same treatment as one civilized nation is entitled to ask from another; and her navy stands as a wholesale warning to all who hesitate to accord her this common justice.

J. I. B.

# Some Modern Painters

PERSONAL NOTES IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

CHAPTER TWO — ALMA TADEMA — EDWIN ABBEY—LUKE FILDES—MR. GOW—SYDNEY COOPER.

I happen to possess three masterpieces by Alma Tadema that never hung on the line at the Royal Academy. At present they hang on the line in a corner of my dining-room, where, indeed, the work was executed. Dining with us one night, Tadema, pencil in hand, took up one of the menu cards and wrote on the back a group of cabalistic figures displayed thus:

21 21
15 15 138
31 31

Deftly turning the card to the left, he with a few swift strokes of the pencil clad the group of three figures with cap and kerchief, producing the comely faces of two country dames. With similar lightning-like treatment he transformed the figures 138 into the face and hatted head of a broth of an Irish boy.

Among the guests was Archdeacon Wiberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons. Closely watching the magical process which seemed as simple as writing down the figures, he asked if he might reproduce it.

"By all means," said the genial R.A.

The Archdeacon got the figures all right, turned the card into the proper position, and painstakingly copied the drawings. The result was an unrecognizable blotch. The gentle reader will probably do better if he gives his mind to the experiment.

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Edwin Abbey got a big price for his picture of the Coronation of King Edward. The payment did not realize money value for time and labor expended. He was content to take the balance out in renown. As was shown in Sir George Hayter's picture of the Coronation of Queen Victoria the subject is not one to be mastered by ordinary art. Only supreme genius could lift it above the colored woodiness reached by the court painter of sixty-six years. Abbey made a picture as well as a portrait gallery. The likenesses are in the main excellent. What strikes one first is the glory of the mass of color, the life and movement that pervades the scene.

On Coronation day the artist was obligingly provided with convenient recess in a tomb in Westminster Abbey immediately facing King Edward's chair, in which the new sovereign was seated. There, while he looked on, came to him the happy thought of seizing for his picture the moment when the Primate raised aloft the crown with intent to place it on the King's head. Simultaneously the cloaked peers, hitherto carrying their coronets in their hand, with one accord uplifted them, placing them upon their heads as the King was crowned.

"At sight whereof," as the ancient office hath it, "the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cry 'God save the King!' The trumpets sound, and by a signal given, great guns at the Tower are shot off."

Abbey told me that while various sitters of high estate gave him much trouble in the matter of sittings, Queen Alexandra excelled all. The best sitter, always urbane, thoughtful of the troubled artist's time and convenience, was King Edward. Punctually at appointed hours he drove in a private brougham to the artist's studio, solely accompanied by an equerry in mufti. He listened smilingly to the artist's instructions as to pose, and implicitly obeyed directions. With the Queen all was different. Abbey attended upon her at command, often waiting over an hour, when he was informed that he could not see her Majesty on that particular day. There were all kinds of trouble with the royal robes, culminating at a time when the artist believed his task was over in demand for alterations which upset all arrangements for the public exhibition of the picture, deferring its opening till the London season was over and the town empty.

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At the date of the Coronation Mr. Balfour was the First Minister of the Crown, entrusted with direction of the destinies of the Empire. It would seem reasonable that in an historic picture of this kind he should figure prominently. Prolonged search discovers the Premier at the extreme edge of the crowd, absolutely the last man but one admitted within the charmed circle. Only a minor canon between him and the unnamed multitude outside. The incident throws a flood of light on one of those ordinances upon which, all unknown to the otherwise astute man in the street, the British Constitution rests. In the ceremony of the Coronation the order of precedence, sacred and immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, is paramount. The Prime Minister, an official designation of comparatively modern birth, had at the date of King Edward's Coronation no place in the table. Consequently he could claim no precedence either at the Coronation or in ordinary gatherings of official or social life. Accordingly in the Coronation picture, which now decorates one of the walls of Buckingham Palace, he, more or less humbly, stands on the outskirts, a special Providence having set immediately before him the Lord Chan-

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cellor (Lord Halsbury), over whose wigged head he can quite conveniently survey the scene.

Next to the King and Queen, standing immediately behind her Majesty, the most striking figure in this pageant is that of the Bishop of Norwich. This is by reason of his robes, whereby hangs a tale. The Primate and other occupants of the Episcopal Bench were arrayed for the Coronation in their ordinary official robes. The Bishop of Norwich was gorgeous in cloth of gold and priceless tapestry. The raiment originally belonged to quite another personage, the Emir of Bokhara to wit. A Norfolk man being on the spot when some upheaval in that far-off country led to the Emir's apparel coming on the market, he bought his robes of state, and on returning to his native country presented them to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich. As the delectable thing would not go round the full capitular company it was resolved to endow the Lord Bishop with its sole possession. It was accordingly, with the least possible alteration, transformed into an episcopal robe, which the Bishop wore at the Coronation, and subsequently lent to Abbey for the uses of the picture.

What his right reverend brethren thought of the little vanity was not spoken, at least not publicly. But the Bishop of Norwich decidedly had the best of it in the show.

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When Cecil Rhodes paid his last visit to London, he, at the request of a personal friend, sat for his portrait to Luke Fildes. The great man, whose temper in mildest seasons was not lacking in peremptoriness, wholly failed to realize the dignity of an R.A. He refused to take up the position and pose suggested by the artist. He would be painted as he chose to sit, and in no other way. If Fildes didn't like it, he must leave it.

Fildes certainly did not like it. But in the end it was Rhodes who had to leave it, the studio doors being closed upon him, with order to the servants that they were not to be reopened. This was a sacrifice of some labor, and a fee of 500 guineas. But the situation had become unbearable. Fildes retained the portrait in its unfinished state, and the friend who commissioned it is inconsolable.

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Mr. Gow, R.A., who is well known at the Arts and Garrick Clubs, never got rid of the status bestowed upon him by a former Lord Mayor of London. Unveiling the Academician's Jubilee picture at the Guildhall, his Lordship, observing on the frame the magic letters "R.A." after the painter's name, eulogized him as "Mr. Gow, Royal Artillery."

Like the owner of the Shamrock, the Lord Mayor (Sir John Voce Moore) was a tea merchant, though, unlike Sir Thomas Lipton, he did not add bacon or other comestibles to his stores. He laid the foundation of his fortune at Cambridge, where, years ago, he kept a grocer's shop. Overhead lodged an undergraduate, who since has made far-reaching fame in the world of letters. One night he gave a supper to celebrate some happy event. The guests stayed late, and began to grow uproarious. The worthy grocer remonstrated with only partial effect. As at the conclusion of his remarks he turned to descend the staircase, the sight of his bald head proved irresistible. The host, taking up the unfinished bowl of more than half hot punch, dropped it over the staircase on to the head of the future Lord Mayor of London.

When the Cambridge grocer assumed the majesty of the Mansion House, the ex-undergraduate wrote him a letter of congratulation, reminding him of the pleasing incident. Strange to say, he received a chillingly cool acknowledgment. The Lord Mayor fully recalled the incident, but expressed no desire to renew the acquaintance. What was fun to the undergraduates was a bath of hot grog to him.

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Sydney Cooper, born in Canterbury four years before Waterloo, died there in the spring of 1901. He was at work almost up to the end, preparing to avail himself of his privilege as R.A. to have his latest masterpiece hung on the line at Burlington House. Talking to Sir William Agnew a short time before his death, he said he remembered that sixty years earlier Sir William's father had suggested to him the subject for a picture. It was a herd of cattle standing knee-deep in a grassy pool at the foot of a verdurous hill.

"And now," said the cheerful old gentleman, "I'm going to carry out the idea."

To those familiar with the general character of Sydney Cooper's works, few of them excluding from their composition three acres more or less and a cow, there is something delightful in the idea, which evidently possessed the veteran artist, that in his ninetieth year he was starting out upon quite a new style. To all appearances he was happily unconscious of any declension of the popularity of his prime. In his eightieth year he endowed Canterbury with a gallery of art, in which many of his pictures are now on view. He hinted that there was a more precious legacy in store for the institution. He made no secret that in his will he had made provision that the work upon which he chanced to be engaged at the time of his death should be added to the gallery, and that the brush falling from his hand and the palette he should never more use should be exhibited to coming generations.

# News for Bibliophiles

## "JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND."

Prof. Chester N. Greenough's critical study of "John Dunton's Letters from New England," which appears in the most recently printed volume (XIV, pp. 213-257) of the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, is of more than ordinary interest and value. For Mr. Greenough has settled for all time the question of the authenticity of a book that has hitherto held a place of some importance with the early works descriptive of seventeenth-century life in New England by producing evidence which compels us to catalogue the volume anew and transfer it from the history shelf to that devoted to early English fiction. Mr. Greenough proves beyond cavil that this erratic and irresponsible London bookseller is guilty of plagiarism of the most flagrant sort.

Dunton wrote many books, of which the best known is "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, Late Citizen of London," published in that city by S. Malthus (1705), in which he has given an account of his visit to New England in 1686. This part of the book was inadequately reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1814. But it is as the author of a series of eight lively letters, purporting to have been written at various times during 1686, giving another and perhaps later version of his stay in New England, that Dunton chiefly commands our interest. These apparently authentic letters, from the pen of a not unfriendly observer, remained unpublished for more than a century and three-quarters, and first saw the light in 1867, when printed for the members of the Prince Society (Boston) from the original manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and edited by William H. Whitmore. The edition was limited to two hundred and ten copies (including twenty on large paper), and the book, much sought by collectors, has long been one of the scarcest of the Society's publications.

John Dunton, the son of a clergyman and himself intended for the ministry, was born May 4-14, 1659. Beginning life in "fairly affluent circumstances," he did not escape the misery of poverty, largely the result of his own mad ventures. He has been not inaptly characterized by the elder Disraeli as "a crack-brained scribbling bookseller, who boasted he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized six hundred, and was ruined by the fifty he executed."

Dunton came to Boston in the Susannah and Thomas, Capt. Thomas Jenner, bringing with him a considerable stock of books. Upon his arrival, after a perilous journey of nearly three months' duration, he consoled his wife, "dear Iris," by sending her many "letters of tenderness." To his friend, George Larkin, he thus confides: "When Fairweather left Boston (which was a week ago) he had no less than sixty Letters of mine in his Bag (a whole Cargo of Love!) and all directed to Iris."

The bookselling venture did not prosper. Dunton remarks, with some bitter-

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ness, that the inhabitants of Boston are ready enough with promises, but slow in making their payments, and, in speaking of his "Brethren the Booksellers," he says: "I am satisfy'd that I'm as welcome to 'em as Sowr Ale in Summer."

For his account of the customs of the Indians, Dunton drew on Roger Williams's "Key into the Language of America" (1643), although he professes to have obtained his information "from a friend." Also, his essay on John Eliot, whom he greatly admired, is largely taken from Cotton Mather. These borrowings, together with minor ones from Josselyn's "Two Voyages" (1674) and J. W.'s "Letter from New England" (1682), are noted by Mr. Whitmore in his Introduction to the Prince Society volume. Yet, "with these imperfections," writes the Editor, "the Letters must remain as unique sketches of New England life, honestly drawn, and defective rather than erroneous."

And, with the exceptions here given, the "Letters," as original productions, appear to have remained unchallenged until Mr. Greenough made his searching study of them. The extent of Dunton's plagiarism is extraordinary. The evidence adduced by Mr. Greenough is conclusive, and has the effect almost of taking one's breath away. In pointing out our author's propensity for borrowing without credit, he says: "That Josselyn actually was Dunton's Baedeker appears when we examine the short descriptions of the various towns which Dunton visited in his rambles. There are twelve of them in all, and the description of each is taken almost verbatim from Josselyn." Moreover, Dunton was not content with taking his descriptions of places ready-made from earlier writers. The most interesting part of his "Letters"—that concerning the people he met in and about Boston—is copied from several books of "characters," and is, therefore, worthless as characterizations of Dunton's acquaintances. No less than thirty-one passages have been traced to these sources—"fourteen from Overbury, seven from Fuller, four from Earle, three from Flecknoe, and three from the author of 'The Ladies Calling.'"

Not only does Mr. Greenough quote many passages, in parallel columns, from Dunton and the authors from whom he plagiarized, but he has also compiled a very useful table of such borrowings as have been traced to their source by Mr. Whitmore and himself. It appears from this list that Dunton, in at least eighty-four cases, incorporated borrowed material in his "Letters." To Mr. Greenough's industrious researches we are indebted for fifty-one of these.

We may here indulge in but a single example of John Dunton's method by placing side by side a sentence or two from his character of Mr. Heath, merchant, of Boston, and Thomas Fuller's character of The Good Merchant in "The Holy and the Profane State" (1642):

| FULLER. | DUNTON. |
|---|---|
| 2. He never warrants any ware for good but what is so indeed. . . . 5. He makes no advantage of his chapman's ignorance, chiefly if referring himself to his honesty, where the seller's conscience is all the buyer's skill, who makes him both seller and judge, so that he doth not so much ask as order what he must pay. | There are two things remarkable in him, (and I will instance no more.) One is, That he never warrants any Ware for good, but what is so indeed. And the other, That he makes no Advantage of his Chapman's ignorance, especially if he refers himself to his Honesty. Where the Conscience of the Seller is all the Skill of the Buyer. the Seller is made the Judge, so that he doth not so much ask as Order what he must pay. |

It is not a pleasant thing to have one's faith in an old worthy shaken, even if that worthy is of the Dunton type. But Mr. Greenough has rendered a genuine service to the student of to-day and of to-morrow by pointing out that "John Dunton's Letters from New-England" must be accepted, if at all, only with the utmost caution. The book can never again be used as history.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

# Correspondence

## "THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the correspondence printed in your issue of May 14, two communications appear in answer to my letter on the constitutional power of the courts. The first communication is from Mr. Rayner W. Kelsey, who objects to my statement that he offered two passages from the Constitution as "proof" of the contention that the Federal Constitution confers upon the Federal Judiciary the power to declare unconstitutional any enactments of the Federal Legislature which they may deem to be so. Mr. Kelsey says that he cited the passages not as "proof" of the contention, "but merely as the basis of the argument." If the passages do not furnish any such basis, the error is all the more serious. These two quotations from the Federal Constitution are the only quotations from that document to be found in Mr. Kelsey's first letter. Bearing this in mind, let us read once more this sentence from that first letter: "Most of us still venture to believe that the above-quoted lines of the Constitution confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional." If this be not the citation of those passages as "proof" of Mr. Kelsey's contention, I confess to an inability to make anything out of the letter.

But let us come to the chief point in Mr. Kelsey's rebuttal. In my letter of April 23 I said: "Nowhere is such a power expressly given to the judiciary in the first Constitutions of the original States; nowhere is such a power expressly given to the Federal Judiciary in the Federal Constitution." Mr. Kelsey takes issue with these statements, and he is kind enough to say that if I had only taken the precaution to read a standard general history of the United States I should not have made the mistake. Then he quotes from Prof. A. C. McLaughlin's volume in the American Nation series. In that quotation I find three instances of the assumption, or, if you prefer, exercise, by State courts of the power to declare laws passed by their respective State Legislatures unconstitutional. I find nothing else.

Now, if possible, I should like to make my point clear. It is this: In no State Constitution in force before the adoption of our Federal Constitution is there an express grant to the judiciary of the power to declare acts of the Legislature unconstitutional. If Mr. Kelsey can find such an express grant of power I shall be pleased to have him quote the passage in which it is embodied. Simply to quote instances of the exercise of that power by State courts is to beg the question. For the question is: Were those courts constitutionally endowed with such power, or did they merely assume it?

The same question applies to our Federal Supreme Court. I must pass over much in Mr. Pearson's interesting and courteous letter that seems to me to be irrelevant, and much that seems to me to be a misunderstanding of my position. But in his letter of May 14 Mr. Pearson says, or implies, that the fact that the Federal Constitution limits the field in which the Federal Legislature may legislate is proof of the contention that the framers of the Constitution intended the Federal Judiciary to be the judge of whether, in any contested case, the Federal Legislature has overstepped the limits of its field. Surely the power to declare acts of the Legislature unconstitutional is a grave and far-reaching one. Was not the confiding of so great a power to the Federal Judiciary worthy of a distinct, definite, and unmistakable passage in the Constitution? And if it was the deliberate intention of a majority of the framers of the Constitution to endow the Federal Judiciary with such a power why did they not insert such a passage in the Constitution?

E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, May 20.

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for April 16 an authority on immigration, Prof. Henry P. Fairchild, of Yale University, offers some melancholy reflections on the Irish element in America. In the interests of national reason, I hope I may be allowed to express a somewhat different view in a weekly famous for its Irish editor.

It is as an hereditary American that Mr. Fairchild puts the case against the Irish element. With a delightful tact in classification, he says that when the Irish began to arrive in this country they suffered the antipathy that existed among the native stock for "paupers, criminals, diseased persons, and Roman Catholics." The question now is, was this antipathy ill-founded? Mr. Fairchild declares that the more friendly assumption "is open to serious question." He declares specifically that "among criminals, the Irish stand at the head of the foreign-born as regards the total number of offences," and that "the number of Irish paupers in this country is out of all proportion to their percentage of the total population." In addition, he contends that the original agitation rested on a

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solid foundation, insisting that many so-called American evils are traceable to these early immigrants. He intimates that the Irish have had an evil influence on public affairs, and especially on questions involving England. He expects the Irish to love England. His general conclusions are vague, but he testifies that we owe a debt to the agitators of an earlier period, and he is certain that under new standards the America of 1914 would, if it had the chance, reject three-quarters of the great Irish migration of 1845-1855—a migration which landed "swarms of miserable wretches on our docks," an "indiscriminate dumping of foreign paupers and criminals on our shores."

It is certainly true that the great Irish migration was largely composed of "miserable wretches." Between 1845 and 1855, 2,000,000 Irish suffered famine, and famine does induce miserable wretchedness. Of these, one million died in Ireland. In the words of Mr. Fairchild himself, "the famine had passed the death-sentence upon a large proportion of the people; emigration—to carry out the figure—merely commuted that sentence to exile. It furnished an outlet to thousands who were otherwise doomed to die." Had antipathy had its crabbed way, the rest of the miserable wretches would, by his own showing, have been pent up for death in a land of death. Happily enough for these beneficiaries of English rule, immigration had not yet come under the ægis of the Sacred Codfish. I do not wish to falsify. Perhaps the fact that the canals and railroads never could have been built without the sturdy Irishmen of 1830 and later, made the new arrivals not unwelcome, but I feel, also, that some misguided natives received them in the spirit of another hereditary American, who saw his land as the "Pole-star of light in Europe's night," a country where

> Each shall care for other
> And each to each shall bend,
> To the poor a noble brother,
> To the good an equal friend.

Statistics, however, have no bowels of mercy, and Emerson is no answer to them. As the spokesman of native conscientious selfishness, Mr. Fairchild is entitled to make his case, and if the Irish have proved inordinately pauper, criminal, and diseased—in addition to being inflicted with a discreditable religion—they have certainly been a poor bargain for those to whom God gave a vested interest in this country.

What are the actual facts? I shall quote against Mr. Fairchild nothing but his own work on "Immigration." From that book I should conclude that no scrupulous person would venture to arraign any class of early immigrants on the data at hand. In regard to crime, for example, he asserts on page 331, "the utter inadequacy of the data for making any deductions as to the influence of immigration upon crime in the United States." In regard to pauperism, it is equally impossible to conclude. While basing his present contentions on the list of paupers in the almshouses, he admits in his book that "these tables, taken by themselves, are wholly unreliable as indicating relative tendencies among races," and neither he nor any one else has as yet any exhaustive data to supplement these tables. In point of fact, the data as to outdoor relief indicate the preponderance of German pauperism.

To return to the allegation that the Irish take the lead among foreign-born criminals. In his valuable book Mr. Fairchild gives this allegation an entirely different complexion. There he says: "It appears that the Irish stand at the head as regards the total number of offences and the German next. In respect to major offences, however, the Germans stand first."

On what principle should criminality be judged? Mr. Fairchild asserts very wisely that "tests of criminality, to be accurate, should include quality as well as quantity." On his own principle, then, he stands convicted of inaccuracy—the sort of inaccuracy which an Irishman would feel discreditable, since it would prove that he had not felt the full obligations of truth. What swells the Irish criminal total is the fact that "the Irish and Scotch are addicted to drunkenness." Crimes against property are, apparently, a German proclivity. And, so far as can be ascertained, "the Italians are pre-eminent in crimes of violence or crimes against the person."

In view of the fact that the early Irish immigrants "were a destitute and helpless lot, and fell an easy prey to the machinations of [a] host of exploiters," I think it is reasonable to expect much pauperism, but I am inclined to believe that this is imported pauperism, and Mr. Fairchild has certainly not proved that it is notoriously inherent pauperism. As to criminality, his own words betray him as, in this instance, unsound and, in the strict sense, untruthful.

There remains the question of the corrupt Irish vote. As to this, I shall venture upon three admissions and three accusations: (1) The uneducated Irish came here without ever having had opportunity in self-government, through no fault of their own, (2) they took advantage of the native spoils system, (3) they contributed to bad municipal politics. But (1) on its own side, the United States exploited the cheap Irish labor and failed to educate it politically, (2) the man "higher up," the big grafter, was not usually an Irishman but a corrupt American, sometimes even a New Englander, and (3) the shame of the American city was attributable to causes far deeper than the existence of a convenient Irish medium. I do not defend the culpability, but seek to ascribe it to the proper cause.

In public life, there is this to say: the Irish immigrants certainly have failed to accumulate property proportionately. But the accumulation of property is not the final test of human value. They have done the United States considerable service in such comparatively non-lucrative vocations as the army, the police, the great fire departments; as journalists, as educators, as lawyers, as contractors, as leaders in trade unionism, as clerics, even as athletes, and also possibly as a Celtic qualification of Puritanism.

The Irish immigration brought to this country the antecedents of many admirable people. I can think of the unadvertised Irish blood in Prof. William James, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edwin L. Godkin, as well as the Irish blood in "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John." I can credit Ireland with Mitchel, McAneny, and Prendergast, as well as discredit it with Croker and Murphy. And when I think of the greatest political event of recent years—the smash-up of the Republican party—I see nothing Irish in the visages of Penrose, Barnes, Guggenheim, Lorimer, "Big Steve," of Colorado. It is pathetic to have a political commentator laying at the door of the immigrant evils which were inherent in the commercial intention of the last forty years and in a government imperfectly socialized.

Restriction of immigrants may now be economically expedient; this is one of the genuine problems before us. But I urge that a narrow Americanism is bound to pervert us, as it has perverted Mr. Fairchild—and it can never be a possible basis for this democracy. To adopt the polite words of Gildas, we are all "whelps from the kennel of barbarism." To mount from barbarism, each to each must bend.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

New York, May 21.

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## "THE HONOR SYSTEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The author of the interesting article on the honor system in the *Nation* of May 7 seems to be entirely ignorant of some of the most important provisions of this system. In the first place equal trust is not placed in every student. The system is simply a form of government by the students. In the University of Virginia and many other institutions which hold the same "patent of nobility" the management of this government is in the hands of a special student committee. Each student pledges his honor, first to abide by the rules of the examination and secondly to report to the committee any dishonesty which may come under his notice. Naturally "the skulking fellow, . . . with the abridged forehead and the saurian eye" (and he is to be found in every institution) would readily give and as readily violate the first pledge, but the presence of the second is a strong deterrent. How strong it is depends upon the honor of the students about him. If he knows that the honor system is thoroughly enforced, he is afraid to cheat.

The virtuous student receives no *quid pro quo*. His honesty is not conditioned upon his teacher's absence or presence. There is no "obsequious withdrawal" of the teacher and the honor system has no proviso, stated or implied, as to which he shall do. Often the teacher remains to answer questions and to attend to details of the examination.

Too much stress has perhaps been laid upon the "honor" of the system. It would perhaps better be called the common decency system. Exactly the same credit redounds to the individual member of the group as to a member of any other self-governed community—and no more. He has only done his duty when he obeys and upholds its laws.

As to whether the honor system or some other should be used in a given institution depends upon circumstances.

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Certainly, if the honor system works, the sense of responsibility for one's self and for the group, which it develops, is worth much, and is a distinct advance over any system of inspection, but each system must of course be judged by its results, and if the students do not enforce the honor system it becomes a wretched farce and should be abandoned.

Experience with college students in institutions from Nebraska to Massachusetts leads me to believe that many are strongly influenced by their surroundings in matters of collegiate honesty. Many would not cheat under any circumstances, some would cheat whenever they thought detection or punishment unlikely, many, especially at the beginning, would cheat if others did or if the group winked at such deceit and punishment was not likely to follow, but would not cheat if that were dangerous or unpopular. Under a well-enforced honor system this last set not only refrains from cheating, but grows to regard the practice with disgust. The student regards his teacher's code of morals as a maximum of excellence which it is not necessarily a deep disgrace to fail to reach, but that of his fellows as a minimum to fall below which means ostracism.

In a large institution where the individuals of the group are known to relatively few and where no common interests draw the group together in ways in which it may act upon the individuals powerfully, the honor system may be impracticable, but in smaller, more closely knit institutions, the failure of the honor system when fairly tried would be a sad commentary on the sense of honesty and responsibility among the students.

W. A. Colwell.

Spartanburg, S. C., May 19.

## NON-UNION MINERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial entitled "The Colorado Puzzle," in the *Nation* of May 7, you say: "No one seems to be speaking for the non-union miners."

Notwithstanding the strike, there are 10,000 men at work in the coal mines of Colorado. The strikers total not more than 2,000. Many of the leaders never worked underground a day in their lives. Some of them are bartenders and saloon-keepers.

The mine owners have sustained enormous losses and are risking the total destruction of their property to insure the non-union men the right to work without paying tribute to any set of self-constituted bosses.

Is it quite true that "no one speaks for the non-union miners"?

Charles W. Comstock.

Denver, Col., May 16.

[Yes. No one of their number speaks officially for them.—Ed. The Nation.]

## "HOWLERS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following "howler" seems worthy to be added to the delightful collection printed in your issue of May 14:

An English schoolboy, confronted with the phrase, "Voici l'Anglais avec son sang froid," translated it, "Here comes the Englishman with his bloody coldness."

S. R. T.

Sharon, Conn., May 25.

## "LIBERTAS SUB REGE PIO."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By a curious coincidence, I happened to be reading the biography of Sydney Smith only a short time ago and I find in my notebook one of the "howlers" to which the writer on the rationale of schoolboy blunders refers in his article, page 564, May 14. It was the translation of Viscount Sidmouth's motto, and the translation of it was by Sydney Smith's brother, nicknamed Bobus, who rendered it (significantly in the reign of George III), "Our pious King has got liberty under."

B. R.

Halifax, May 18.

# Literature

## CAVOURIANA.

*La Giovenezza di Cavour.* Da Francesco Ruffini. 2 vols. Milan: Fratelli Bocca. Lire 10.

*Cavour Agricoltore.* Lettere inedite di Camillo Cavour a Giacinto Corio; precedute da un Saggio di Ezio Visconti. Florence: Barbèra. Lire 4.

*Cavour e la Formazione del Regno d'Italia.* Da Pietro Orsi. Turin: S. T. E. N. Lire 3.50.

*L'Italia Moderna.* 1750-1913. Quarta Edizione continuata fino alla Conquista della Libia. Da Pietro Orsi. Milan: Hoepli. Lire 7.50.

*Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy.* 1810-1861. By Pietro Orsi. Heroes of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Since the centenary of Cavour's birth in 1910, two works of real importance concerning his life have appeared in Italy. In addition there have been various magazine articles and pamphlets, and some personal recollections scattered here and there in newspapers.

The most notable contribution is by Prof. Francesco Ruffini, recently rector of the University of Turin, who has made a very careful study of Cavour's youth. Having worked with the consent of the statesman's heirs, he has enjoyed free access to Cavour's papers. The result is that he is able to supplement the information which Berti first gave in 'Cavour Before 1848," published in 1886, and in Cavour's "Diary," published in 1888. Many things which Berti found it discreet to omit thirty years ago, Professor Ruffini quite properly makes public now; and, besides new material, he supplies names which Berti hid behind initials or asterisks, and he gives us in their entirety letters which Chiala, who also was hampered, printed in fragments only. Among new sources which Professor Ruffini has tapped, the letters of Cavour to his cousin, Adèle de Sellon, and her husband, Baron Maurice, are particularly rich.

In general, this valuable study does not cause us to revise our opinion of Cavour's youth and early manhood; on the contrary, it confirms the impressions derived from preceding biographers, and it makes us wonder all the more at the accuracy of outline and the justness of insight displayed by William de La Rive in his beautiful memoir published in 1862.

On many details, Professor Ruffini sheds new light, by which we realize how difficult Cavour's position was in a household sincerely devoted to Reaction and wholly persuaded that the young Liberal was either wilfully perverse, or crazy, or both. The depth of family affection among young and old alone prevented an irremediable explosion. Their toleration of the black sheep is perhaps more remarkable than is his own abiding affection for them.

Of Cavour's rustication to Grinzane and management of the estate there, and of the steps which led to his undertaking to direct the still larger venture at Leri, Professor Ruffini has much to tell. We do not find, however, any further explanation of Cavour's banishment to the Fortress of Bard, or of his love affair with the Marchesa Giustiniani. As to the latter, the author states frankly that, until material which is known to exist is released, not much can be added to Berti's chapter on the *Incognita*. On the other hand, the letters of Cavour and his father in reference to the son's "plunging" on the Paris Bourse and losing 45,000 francs are documents of capital interest. They show alike the fundamentally magnanimous nature of Camillo and the fair-minded, long-suffering (from his point of view) quality of his father. Our only regret is that the first letter has been lost.

Professor Ruffini has taken great pains to investigate Cavour's relations with his Swiss kinsmen; and again he fills in many details. The importance of Cavour's connections with Switzerland, which includes the fact that his mother was Swiss and born a Protestant, and that from his earliest childhood his visits to Geneva brought him into contact with Liberal and progressive minds, cannot be overestimated; and the editor is right in devoting much space to this factor in Cavour's development. His study extends even to an account of the Geneva revolution of 1841.

So satisfactory is Professor Ruffini's work that it is to be desired that he may be allowed to bring out, as soon as possible, an unexpurgated edition of Cavour's Diary and Juvenilia. That

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he is a member of the Commission, appointed by the Italian Government, to issue a national, complete edition of Cavour's letters, documents, and speeches, ought to be a guarantee of thoroughness and fidelity.

The volume, edited by Ezio Visconti, of 264 letters from Cavour to Giacinto Corio, who had the business management of the Leri estates, will be studied by every one who wishes to see how solid and minute a training in agriculture the future statesman gave himself. He knew the character of each acre of land, the value of each crop, the capacity of the laborers, the time to buy and the time to sell. Being ambitious that Leri should be a model for Piedmont, he tried experiments, borrowed suggestions from England and France, consulted agricultural chemists, and studied how to improve the system of transportation. One item illustrates many: he seems to have been the first large importer of guano into Piedmont.

Besides the technical side, these letters reveal also Cavour's human side in dealing with his farm-hands—the acuteness with which he estimated their industry, his sense of justice, his considerateness towards the unfortunate and old. Occasionally, there is a passing reference to political matters: as when he confides to Corio the "joyful news" of his resignation as Prime Minister. These letters, with the sixty already published by Chiala, and the volume edited by Berti containing Cavour's correspondence on financial concerns with De La Rue, the Genoese banker, leave no doubt as to Cavour's ability as a master of business on a large scale.

Some fifteen years ago Count Pietro Orsi, who has subsequently been a professor at the University of Padua, and is now a Deputy in the Italian Parliament, compiled a useful short history of Italy from 1748 to 1898. This he has recently extended to cover recent events down to the Italian conquest of Libia. He has also written in Italian a popular life of Cavour, which appears in an English translation in the Heroes of the Nations series. The English version follows closely enough the Italian original, and has, besides, a large number of illustrations.

Count Orsi's "L'Italia Moderna" is particularly serviceable on account of its supplementary chapters covering the reign of the present King, and giving a survey of the political, social, and industrial condition of Italy in 1913, and of its leaders in literature and the arts. In addition, a bibliography of sixty pages should be mentioned. Count Orsi is a "safe" historian: he refrains from criticism which might rasp partisans of any stripe, and possesses the elements which make him a popular and respected writer.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Drum's House.* By Ida Wild. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Clever and mannered, by a writer who knows her Meredith and her Hewett, the story concerns a group of county people in "Bandyshire." Its preliminary confession of faith is a trifle menacing:

> The great physician does not scruple to look at your tongue and to ask (with reason) many a bold and pointed query. No more should the novelist limit himself to certain phases; he must go far, ask much, know much. . . . But this is a poor parallel. For though I may have my finger on the pulse of the world, that will not content me; I must be chucking and chucked under the chin. To be frank, I am the world's lover and mistress in one.

After that, the reader is bound to look for something extremely "modern" and disconcerting. If his nerves have not been too well dulled by contact with the current British novel, he will find it. These people are certainly not respectable in the nineteenth-century sense, and that, we suppose, is an object. A middle-aged couple who chiefly love gambling and those Continental resorts in which that form of activity is encouraged, return to England and Drum's House because they have two daughters to be married off. Both marry Bandyshire men. One achieves grass-widowhood in the course of a honeymoon. The other, after a secret marriage with a social inferior, becomes the mistress of a contemptible parson, and the pair are slain in each other's arms—presumably by the injured husband; but that is artfully left to guesswork. The parents, if not respectable, are thoroughly lovable, and the devoted and neglected wife of the miserable parson is a warmly human figure. A good deal of ingenuity is employed in developing the narrative.

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*Children of the Dead End.* By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A pessimistic and melancholy Jack London might have told this story. The writer says that it is largely autobiographical. It is the tale of a fighting Irishman who became an English tramp and navvy and Socialist and, incidentally, a writer. Dermod Flynn finds life unjust from the outset. Before he has entered his 'teens he is sent out of his peasant home by the parents who have thrust him into the world. He is expected not only to make his own living, but to help meet the exactions of the landlord and priest at home. He learns his hard lesson of what is to be expected between master and servant. "The covert sneers, the insulting jibes, the kicks and curses were good, because they moulded my character in the way that is best. To-day I assert that no man is good enough to be another man's master. I hate all forms of tyranny, and the kicks of Joe Bennet and the weary hours spent in earning the first rent which I ever paid for my people's croft, were responsible for instilling that hatred into my being." He goes to Scotland among a squad of potato-diggers, learns to gamble and drink and thieve for a meal, learns, above all, to use his fists. He is a better man than he looks, and at eighteen has made himself feared along the roads and among the railway and mining camps. He is a fighter and gambler by nature, and has no shame in drink as a resource. "I know not whether drink and gambling are evils. I only know that they cheered many hours of my life, and caused me to forget the miseries of being. . . . To gamble and drink was part of my nature, and for nature I offer no excuses. She knows what is best." He despises the church and her time-serving officers, society and her false way with the poor. It is a gloomy book, rebellious rather than powerful, though not without touches of power.

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*A Stepdaughter of the Prairie.* By Margaret Lynn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"I think my eyes were born tired of he prairie," writes Margaret Lynn in the first of these essay-narratives; but he affectionate appreciation diffused through the book leaves a far different mpression upon the reader. The author has observed well, she has caught from her childhood memories a sentiment that warms and deepens her pictures, and she has a whimsical and senitive style. Those who think of rural life as barren, or the Western plains as monotonous, can find no more truthful orrection. The affairs of the farm famly have humor, the school is described with animation, the woods and fields are invested with an adventurous glamour. For dramatic insight into a trivial matter take the recurrent question of who should carry the dinner bucket to the ittle white cross-roads structure:

> Dramatic and emotional possibilities hovered about this problem, which was no simple one. It involved intricate issues of precedence and succession and privilege and physical superiority and age and sex and who did it last and vigor of conscience and proportion of appetite and some occasional problems which no system could foresee or provide for. Mary shamelessly pleaded privilege of sex and age. But I, being a suffragist by birth, accepted my turn as a matter of principle and only contended that I should not have more than my turn. Having brothers is a great quickener of moral courage. One day Henry, who was at times sophistical beyond belief, proved by some masculine system of logic that if women ought to vote, I ought to carry the bucket as often as both he

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and John; and they set the lunch at my wrath-paralyzed feet.

The author's experiences are, unfortunately, thoroughly feminine in point of view; the prairies, as a vast realm of outdoors, really belong to the boy. The bookishness of the childhood which passes before us in these pages is also unusual; although it is by no means rare, for, as Miss Lynn remarks, it is on the prairie that children have time to read, and an environment which whets, not dulls, their intellectual curiosity. The book is a far cry from the uroan travesties of country life which stud the fiction shelves nowadays, and has many hints for any one who would treat a social phase in essay form.

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*Keeping Up Appearances.* By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Jim Agnew, narrator of this story, galled by the fact that he is a mere clerk, though his ancestors lived on their income, decides to emigrate to New York. In the business community where he lived, "money," according to Mr. Foster, "not only talked, but shouted; money was the only impulse in men's lives; all were rated by the standard of dollars and cents." New York then appears as his only haven, the only place where he, too, can become rich and make a showing. Yet once in New York, Jim and his wife are engulfed in the costly whirl of an empty, pleasure-seeking, make-believe society which lives only in to-day, since to-morrow is uncertain. They fall victims to the life of restaurants and first-nights. Their resources are soon drained, and then they find that they cannot retreat, cannot cease making a show, that they must continue keeping up appearances or else be swamped by creditors. Squabs grace the board they offer their guests, bread-and-butter their own. The break does come, and they return to their home town and to a clerk's salary.

The theme is, of course, not new, save that Mr. Foster introduces a worldly, ambitious husband to replace the usual dissatisfied wife. Both husband and wife are normal people. Mr. Foster also introduces a chorus of minor personages excellent in characterization. They are the common city types. There is Mrs. Hodge, whose one and only pursuit was enjoyment, which she got by whatever means was handiest; Mrs. Figler, who began each day with a feverish, consuming study of the social columns and spent her husband's income on clothes and in Fifth Avenue public places; and Figler, the hanger-on, who "at forty had retained the buoyancy of a college freshman, a steady flow of high spirits to which was coupled the fawning manners of a lap-dog." The book presents a concise, straightforward narrative, with a minimum of sensationalism.

## NATURAL CRIME.

*Criminology.* By Raffaele Garofalo. Translated by Robert Wyness Millar. With an Introduction by E. Ray Stevens. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1914. $4.50 net.

The *Nation's* review of the first numbers of the Criminal Science series (August 3, 1911) brought forth from the chairman of the committee on translations a protest against the use of quotation marks in connection with criminal "science." The translation of Garofalo's "Criminology" enables us to illustrate the necessity of these quotation marks by pointing to a typical case. There are two kinds of "scientists": the soft-headed variety, who will accept anything that appears to have an empirical origin, and the hard-headed, who attribute an empirical reality to anything that is perfectly tangible. Baron Garofalo belongs to the hard-headed kind. He is looking for a hard and fast criminal type; and when he finds what he wants he puts it down for a fact, whether it be taken from his own experience as a judge, from the prison records, from Dostoievsky's "House of the Dead," or from a tale by Poe (p. 103). On the other hand, this quality of hard-headedness makes him stimulating reading and introduces an element of stern common-sense, which helps to atone for a not too subtle psychology and gives to his treatment of crime a tone somewhat less sensational than that of his compatriot, Lombroso. In this connection we may mention his rather striking plan for enforced reparation and payment of damages on the part of those who are neither violent criminals nor confirmed thieves. Again, he insists that severity of punishment does deter, though his reference to English experience (p. 202) raises the question whether it is the severity of punishment that deters or its certainty.

Garofalo's chief contribution to criminology is the conception of "natural crime." According to him, the criminal is not a man; hence, not a savage, for the savage is not deficient in love for his kind; nor a child, for many criminals are persons of mature intelligence—although most of those introduced by him seem rather strikingly naïve. The criminal is a degenerate product of the human species, but in himself he constitutes a perfectly distinct non-human type, with a psychology which is unintelligible from a human point of view and a physical organism that bears certain irrevocable "stigmata" of crime, such as the protruding jaw and the retreating forehead. In reply to the objection that some who are not criminals bear these Lombrosan stigmata, Garofalo reminds us that not all the criminals are in jail; and if many of those in jail are without them—well, not all who are imprisoned are criminals. The mental "stigmata," if we may call them such, are compactly summarized as deficiencies in "altruism," which is divided into the two departments of "pity" and "probity." Evidently, in Garofalo's view, these are qualities—or, rather, quantities—which may be accurately weighed and measured; a man either has them or has them not. Hence, as he repeatedly maintains, there can be no casual criminals. No man not born a criminal can become a criminal. Criminality cannot be diminished by social reform, by religion, or by education; nor, according to this view, can it be materially affected by alcoholism. Least of all can it be cured through reformation. Both the reformatory and the retributory theories of punishment presuppose moral responsibility, which Garofalo dismisses as so much folly and nonsense. His own remedies are repression, by enforced reparation—how this differs in theory from reformation is not quite clear—and the more consistent remedy of "elimination," by banishment, when convenient, or by death, but not by life-imprisonment. Here one asks why his selectionist philosophy should not require a similar "elimination" of the insane. Garofalo replies by saying that this would do violence to the sentiment of pity, which, he boldly affirms, is not disturbed by the execution of the criminal "monster." Evidently, with moral responsibility abandoned, this crucial distinction is too much for him.

In Garofalo, who is nothing if not definite and systematic, criminal "science" takes the form of a striking but deceptive simplicity. Taking from Spencer an iron-bound theory of natural selection, which Spencer himself thought to be better adapted for the lower forms of life than for the higher, Garofalo carries the conception beyond the biological field into a region supposed to be touched, at least, by intelligence and moral responsibility; and then, to avoid complications, moral responsibility is quietly dismissed. The result is the "natural criminal," a creature neither animal nor human and so grotesque as to be inconceivable. Garofalo claims, indeed, to be analyzing the "motives" of crime, but in his psychology a motive is indistinguishable from the thrust of a piston or a charge of electricity. He will not for a moment assume that criminal conduct may be made humanly intelligible. And it is noteworthy that, in spite of his own extensive experience, of which he makes liberal use, all of his more intimate descriptions of criminals are borrowed from Dostoievsky. For himself they are only uncanny specimens. There appears to be but one "extenuating circumstance." His book seems to show that in his own country, in the custom

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of the vendetta and in such organizations as the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra, he faces a régime of crime, and especially of violent and vindictive crime, to which perhaps there is no complete parallel. Probably he is more than commonly familiar with types of peculiar moral insensibility, if not also with physical stigmata.

## THE COMING SOCIALISM.

*Progressivism—and After.* By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In his latest book Mr. Walling describes the steps by which the "Progressive movement" will lead to "Socialism," and gives it as his opinion that the journey will be completed in some twenty-five years. It is important to understand precisely what he means by "Socialism." "Socialism," he says, "does not mean that there will be no social groups—or classes, if we call all such groups by that name; it does mean the abolition of all group or class rule. Class rule implies that more or less fixed classes exist *one above the other*, and classes of this fixed character can, must, and will be abolished. The social groups that remain will not be superimposed one above the other. There will be no class rule" (p. 321). In brief, what he means by Socialism is complete political *because* complete economic equality.

At present the author distinguishes four main groups or classes in society, viz., large capitalists, small capitalists, "privileged" non-capitalists, and non-privileged non-capitalists. The rule of the large capitalists has passed away, and under "Progressivism" the small capitalist is coming into power. When he does, a state of society will result which Mr. Walling calls "State Capitalism." In due course power will fall into the hands of the "privileged" non-capitalists, and then we shall have "State Socialism." The last stage of all will come with the overthrow of this rule by the non-privileged non-capitalist class, and then class-rule will cease and Socialism be an accomplished fact. Only two of these three stages, Mr. Walling thinks, are at present fully recognized. The Progressive recognizes the contest between the small capitalist and the large capitalist, and the Socialist recognizes the struggle against the dominance of the small capitalist; but no one seems to recognize the necessity of the last struggle of all—viz., that of the non-privileged wage-earners against the privileged wage-earners, which ends in Socialism, as Mr. Walling understands—and desires—it.

Chapter xvi, describing the transition to "Socialism," is one of the most interesting in the book. It is not difficult to see even at the present day the trend towards "State Socialism," but it is the final stage that presents the main difficulty, and in this chapter the author describes this stage. Under State Socialism the non-privileged workers will be in a permanent minority in a numerical sense. Their efficiency in class-warfare, however, and their power to injure the other class in society, will be much increased, and by a method of scientific "sabotage" and the "intermittent strike" they will be able to compel the final change, especially as the then ruling class will have but little to lose by the change. And so we come to "Socialism."

Pragmatist as Mr. Walling has declared himself to be, he is at the root as much a determinist as was Marx. His formula is in its way as fixed as that which required the Marxian "catastrophe"—which never came. And because of its materialistic rigidity in conception this book is not very convincing. Your true pragmatist can never be "cocksure" in his predictions—but Mr. Walling is amazingly so. Yet he has done a genuine service in his writings in one respect, and that is in making clear the nature of the Socialist movement as it is to-day after abandonment of the Marxian hypothesis. If we understand him rightly, Socialism is nothing but complete democracy—complete because it is economic and *therefore* political as well. All that he holds of the Marxian theory are the doctrines of "economic determinism" and the "class-struggle."

## A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT.

*The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom.* By L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

As a campaign document this volume is particularly interesting; a calm, judicial history, containing trustworthy data regarding the progress of Mexico during the past one hundred years, this it is not. Commencing with the vigorous, if somewhat exaggerated, statement that "the Mexican people have democratic traditions as grand, pure, and sane as those of any race in the world," it is not surprising to find many other exaggerated half-truths running riot throughout the book. In their desire to deify the downtrodden Mexican peon, the authors have even gone to the ridiculous extremity of stating that "modern archæological and philological research bear emphatic witness to the fact that they [the Mexican peons] are ethnologically as remote from the wild nomads of North America as are the so-called white races themselves." Coming on the first page of the book, this is certainly fair warning of the kind of stuff that is to follow, and prepares the reader to accept, without blinking, the next statement—that the Mexican peons at the time of the Spanish Conquest "were in full enjoyment of a civilization greatly superior in many respects to that of Teutonic Europe, and certainly superior in every respect to that of the Spanish nation which subjugated and enslaved them." To the ardent enthusiast, bent only on achieving the end in view, modern archæological, philological, and historical researches are of little value if they do not furnish abundant proof of desired premises. The horrible features of the bloodthirsty religion of many of the native races of Mexico are brushed aside with a word as being simply the practices of a small and degenerate section of the master class, the priesthood, and as representing that "common barbarity of priestcraft in all ages and climes."

The authors assume that "all that we know of the evil that is Mexican is the product of a small, parasitic, and originally alien section of the nation," and then in the blandest manner they go on to say: "Bearing these simple basic facts in mind, the maze of Mexican history may be threaded with ease." Naturally, having established themselves on a broad basis of misstatement and misconception of historical truths, it is perfectly easy for the authors to "thread with ease" the maze of Mexican history in such a manner as to arrive at the desired results. The actual facts of history have no terrors for these writers.

Nothing can surprise the reader after such a beginning, not even the statement in regard to our first Mexican War that it "was a preconcerted and predetermined affair on the part of the ruling classes of both the nations involved." It may even be a comfort, to some, to be told by these Mexican apologists that our first war with Mexico was due to a Mexican clerical conspiracy, for "only amid the carnage and confusion of a foreign invasion could the church feel at all safe in the prosecution of plans so bitterly distasteful to the great mass of the people." With constant bitterness rankling in their hearts against the ruling classes of both Mexico and the United States, the authors have succeeded in producing a book which can only be read without irritation by those already blinded by strong sympathy for their cause.

On the other hand, great emphasis is laid on the statement that the people of Mexico have little faith in their leaders. They had shouted at one time "Viva Madero!" but these cries became stilled when, "surrounded by the old element of corrupt politicians, conscienceless peculators, brutal military and scheming prelates, Francisco Madero lost every trace of his vaunted democratic ideals and became consciously or unconsciously the mere creature of that same intolerable oppression and exploitation which had provoked the Revolution of

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1910." Now, we are told, they no longer fight for a man, but their cry is "Viva la Tierra! Viva la Constitucion!" and "in this clarified attitude of the Mexican people lies the great hope of the present revolution. No man henceforth can ride on their backs into power. They will go forward unwaveringly, irresistibly, until they have established the new social order. They have learned democracy's great lesson: *that the individual cannot assume the functions of the collectivity.*" The keynote of the conclusion is, "International capitalism can no longer throttle the freedom of the Mexican people with impunity." The book is simply a rabid campaign document, absolutely untrustworthy and without historical value.

## Notes

IT is appropriate that in the year of the opening of the Panama Canal some slight tribute should be rendered to the memory of the discoverer of the Pacific. Keats, in a celebrated sonnet, credited "stout Cortez" with the achievement; but the world knows better. Quintana's "Vida de Vasco Nuñez de Balboa," edited by Prof. G. G. Brownell (Ginn; 65 cents), has the merit of timeliness. Quintana has narrated the feats of his hero directly and concisely. The selection is admirably adapted for the purposes of a textbook. The romantic achievements of Spain's early navigators and conquistadores will never lose their charm.

DURING the Hilary term of last year, Mr. Edwyn Bevan delivered four lectures in Oxford on "Stoics and Sceptics," and these have now been issued in a slender volume by the Oxford University Press; ($1.50 net), a good and not too technical study of a subject which has been undergoing a good deal of investigation of late. Mr. Bevan does not conceal the fact that, in exposing the illogical dogmatism of the followers of Zeno and the unsatisfying suspense of the Pyrrhonic school, he has in mind to show the world's need of that unreasoning loyalty to the "Friend behind the Universe" which the Greek philosophers failed to meet, and which was to become the faith of the Christian church. But he does not bear hard on this aspect of the question, and his attitude towards the teachers who were transforming the Socratic doctrine into something more malleable for the moulders of Christianity is thoroughly sympathetic. Perhaps the most valuable of the lectures is the third, which deals with Posidonius. Of recent years German scholars, out of the patches of that philosopher's works and the occasional references to him, have been building up a great figure which is to dominate the intellectual world of Cicero's time. Mr. Bevan examines the evidence for such a theory carefully, with the conclusion that Posidonius was no creative genius, but merely an influential representative of the general tendency towards eclecticism then everywhere prevailing. "People," he observes, "got the idea of a sort of common philosophic stuff at the back of the differences, very much, I think, as a large number of people of to-day cling to the idea of something which they call 'undenominational,' 'undogmatic' religion—the idea of some common religious stuff which you may take for granted at the back of all articulate religious beliefs. That observation not only fits well with what we know of the work of Posidonius, but explains also why the philosophers of his kind are now receiving so much serious consideration.

THE "English Literary Miscellany" of Theodore W. Hunt (Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.; $1.50 net) presents the gleanings in familiar fields of an orderly but quite unoriginal mind. There is not a fresh judgment to be found in the book, not a gleam of humor or sally of fancy. On the other hand, there is no pretension to anything of the sort; and at a time when we are so hard beset by cleverness and the attempt at cleverness, there is a kind of relief in coming now and then upon a book which is willing to be commonplace. Professor Hunt writes like a professor of another day, before it became the fashion to coruscate *ex cathedra*, to strain at brilliancy for fear of being found academic. His style is, to tell the truth, pretty dull. It never escapes the rigidity and dryness of the opening sentences of the Preface: "The papers herein presented are discussions within the definite province of English letters. They are developed along historical and critical lines, and they seek to relate the study of our vernacular literature with the manifest progress of English thought and life." The old-fashioned method of exegesis is employed—numbered headings, capitalized catch-phrases, and so on. The substance of the book is sound and well-considered. It might be a serviceable introduction to English prose and verse for a student of exceptional seriousness and patience. As for the progress of English thought and life, they are but dimly shadowed forth in these pages, which are bookish or nothing. The development of literary forms and movements is the real theme. The author's detailed comments are often of ingenuous simplicity—as that Keats's sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," is "justly celebrated"; or that "to have written 'In Memoriam' and 'Idyls of the King' is enough to make an author permanently famous." Upon Tennyson is lavished a commentary as ardent and reverent as was the fashion thirty years ago; and it is recognized in the vaguest manner possible that there has been some sort of literature since the Victorian: "Of the Contemporary British Drama, represented in Swinburne, Austin, Jones, Phillips, and others, suffice it to say, that it has merit, but not masterly merit." These papers differ a good deal in length and theme, but they are all the product of the same earnest humdrum mind. They have all been printed in the *Bibliotheca Sacra.*

PRESIDENT THWING has written a well-informed, well-balanced book on "The American College: What It Is, and What It May Become" (Platt & Peck; $2 net). He is so old-fashioned, or so bold, as to think that the primary purpose of the ideal college is still to give a liberal education, a secondary purpose being to make men of efficiency. A glimpse of his temper is afforded by his consideration of the question of compensation for college professors, in which he applies Adam Smith's five principles of compensation, and reaches the conclusion that, on that basis, it is hard to make an argument for larger pay, although it would be an advantage to the college to have the position represent a higher salary. He is equally calm in discussing athletics; concerning football, he offers some constructive criticism. Co-education draws from him the remark: "We do not know enough about the intellect of women or about the intellect of men to say whether on the ground of sex the training should be the same or different." He will commit himself to no more specific proposition than that "thought and appreciation and righteousness, as aims in education, are equally important for men and women." This is clearly no book for the educational fanatic, although he sadly needs it, but others, whether parents, students, professors, trustees, or philanthropists, will enjoy the ripe wisdom in its pages.

THERE is a pathetic entry in the last, the tenth, volume of the Emerson Journals (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75 net), which suggests why it is necessarily inferior to the notable series which it closes. Emerson, in his sixty-fourth year, writes: "I find it a great and fatal difference whether I court the muse, or the muse courts me: That is the ugly disparity between youth and age." The last volume contains entries from 1864-1876—for days and weeks the journals were neglected. The last five years of silence and forgetfulness are hinted at in an editorial note. The decline, as one may infer it from these last journals, had little that was painful in it, was faced with a brave and conscious resignation, and enlivened by intervals of the old lucidity. On the whole, the writing in this last volume is that of a tired old man, but of one infinitely curious and wise. The note on Hawthorne's funeral reveals a keen regret at not having come nearer that solitary spirit. An appreciation of Charles Sumner has much of the old fire. "Sumner's moral instinct and character are so exceptionally pure that he must have perpetual magnetism for honest men." A passing remark on the commonplaceness of greatest genius is true Emerson. "Great men are the universal men, men of the common sense, not provincial; Raffaelle, not a mannerist. Everybody would paint like Raffaelle, if everybody could paint at all." The racier side of the essayist appears in such aphorisms as that reform is chiefly impossible because of the "invincible depravity of the virtuous"; or in the definition of home: "My idea of a home is a house in which each member of the family can, on the instant, kindle a fire in his or her private room." The flair for valuable oddments is perfect still, even though the creative moment seems nearly past. The most curious information may be gleaned by an attentive reader. We may com-

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mend to psychical researchers the strange incident of a friend of Lowell's dreaming the substance of a famous line of the Commemoration Ode the night before Lowell first read it. Artists will welcome the anecdote of Turner seriously studying the nutrition of the whale before he painted that most impressionistic canvas, The Whale Ship, now in the Metropolitan Museum. Educators will note an early and apparently successful experiment in student self-government at Antioch College. This volume closes the series worthily. From the ordeal of the revelation of this mass of private jottings Emerson reappears not only undiminished, but substantially enhanced. Gratitude is due the editors for the thoroughness and tact with which their task has been accomplished.

A REPRINT of the volume of Henry Vaughan's "Sacred Poems" which was originally published as one of the Aldine Poets, in 1882, has been issued by G. Bell & Sons (New York: Macmillan; 35 cents net). In accordance with the prevailing mode the book is made of rather thin paper and is light to handle. The memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte is retained, which was itself not new when prefixed to the Aldine edition. He had prepared himself for the sketch by a careful examination into the traditions of Vaughan's life (though with scant success in the discovery of fresh facts), and little or nothing has since come to light—unless Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has in her possession material of the sort not yet made public. But of Vaughan's erratic and interesting twin brother, the mystical "Eugenius Philalethes," Mr. Lyte knew, or told, less than might have been expected. This, no doubt, makes a slight defect in his memoir of the poet, but his writing, from the critical point of view, is decidedly thin, and might well have given place to a more adequate study of Vaughan's position as a follower of Herbert. Vaughan is certainly best known for his religious poems, and all of these the new edition contains; but some of his secular pieces, especially his satires, are of excellent quality, and, as their bulk is small, it is not easy to understand why they should have been kept out of this reprint. As it is, for those desiring a cheap volume, Methuen's edition in the Little Library still offers a fuller collection in more attractive form.

"RELIGION and Free Will" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 7s. 6d.), by W. Benett, consists of nine essays, closely but not clearly connected, the aim of which, it seems, is to establish the principle of *credo quia absurdum,* or, in the author's corrected version, *non credo quia non absurdum; i. e.,* in matters of religion scientific intelligibility is a ground for suspicion rather than belief. According to Mr. Benett, evolution is a process in which every forward step, every higher satisfaction, only initiates a conflict with still higher needs. All that evolution accomplishes is the strengthening and elevation of character. Its value and meaning are transcendental and must be sought beyond science in religion. "Thus it comes that the foremost and most vital interest of religion is to keep itself aloof from science . . . seeing that even the faintest infusion of scientific probability will impair its emotional effectiveness, and a complete rationalization destroy it altogether." Religion is bound to be incomprehensible if it is to elevate character. Precisely in this incomprehensibility, which secures it from controversy, lies the power of religious dogma. This argument is carried so far that the reader is at times obliged to pause and wonder whether he is not being made the victim of a deep and subtle irony. But Mr. Benett is as sincere as he is also intellectually competent and original. His language and logic have a flavor of thirty years back, but he is fairly abreast of the times in his philosophy, and has evidently made a deep study of religion both in Europe and in the East.

"PATIENCE: An Alliterative Version of 'Jonah' by the Poet of 'Pearl'" (Oxford University Press; $1 net), edited by Israel Gollancz, is the first of a series of Select Early English Poems which the editor has planned. He promises us in the near future similar editions of "The Parliament of the Three Ages," "Winner and Waster," "St. Erkenwald," etc. The present poem is preserved in the British Museum MS. Nero A. x., which contains likewise "Pearl," "Cleanness," and "Sir Gawayn and the Green Knight"—all most probably by the same author. This MS., it seems, came to Sir Robert Cotton from the library of Henry Savile (1568-1617), of Banke, in Yorkshire. It had belonged, no doubt, to one of the northern monasteries at an earlier period, but passed into private hands after the dissolution of those bodies in the reign of Henry VIII. "Patience" was included in the *editio princeps* of the poems of this MS., which was prepared in 1864 by the late Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society, and it was also brought out separately by Hartley Bateson in 1912. Dr. Gollancz, however, had already edited "Pearl" and other poems of the same period and district, and had, besides, of recent years devoted several papers to the vocabulary of the group, so that he possessed qualifications for dealing with this very difficult set of texts which render his edition of the present form the best that has appeared. The glossary, especially, represents a decided advance on that of his predecessors. The notes, too, throw light on some of the worst of the linguistic puzzles. A special feature of the text is that the lines are arranged in quatrains, which seems to have been the intention of the author. In the Preface the editor merely summarizes what is known concerning the various problems that are suggested by the text. He does not discuss these problems at length, as we should expect in a definitive edition. The work includes a reproduction from the MS. of the first page of the poem; also reproductions of the accompanying illustrations, which are in the rudest style of mediæval art. It closes with what appear to be the Latin sources of the poem, viz.: the Vulgate version of "Jonah," the beatitudes from St. Matthew's Gospel, and a part of the "Carmen de Jona et Ninive," which was formerly attributed to Tertullian.

DR. JOSEPH EDWARD STUBBS, president of the University of Nevada, who died on May 27, was born in Ashland, O., on March 19, 1850. He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1873, and received an M.A. degree in 1876. In 1875 he graduated from Drew Seminary, and was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1874. He studied at Berlin University from 1890 to 1891. Dr. Stubbs was president of Baldwin University, Berea, O., from 1886 until 1894, and had since been president of the University of Nevada. He was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901, and was president of the Ohio Collegiate Association, 1891-2, and of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, 1899-1900.

## NOTES FROM ABROAD.

SOME of Mr. Herbert Jenkins's experiences during his first year as a London publisher have been given by him to an interviewer. Within that period he has had 834 manuscripts submitted to him. He admits that some of the books he has declined have reached a second edition after acceptance by other publishers. On the other hand, he has sold 17,000 copies of two novels that had been rejected elsewhere. In his opinion novices may often benefit by advice from their publishers as to the best use of their material. "Young authors are frequently very bad architects, and as often as not tell two or three stories in one book." When he started his business Mr. Jenkins wanted to adopt "Barabbas" as his registered telegraphic address, but the Post Office authorities ruled it out as unsuitable.

ON May 18, a new hall was inaugurated in the Napoleonic museum which has been created in Empress Josephine's château of Malmaison, just outside Paris. It contains collections of interest in history and art and in the local color of a most interesting time. They are due to M. Charles Follot, president of the Chambre Syndicale of wall-paper manufacturers. There are various series of colored wall-papers in the original designs, or as executed under the Directory, Consulate, and Empire. One series of thirty pieces is thought to be the only remaining example of the "Campaigns of the Army of Italy." There are also decorative draperies, printed on velvet backgrounds, between 1800 and 1810; and there is a panel of Psyche, after a composition of the great house decorator of the day, Laffitte. All these are good, and, for the most part, unique original examples of the brilliant years of Josephine's career. It should also be noted that the decorations which have been applied to the various rooms of the château in transforming it into a museum, such as damask wall-hangings, have been carefully copied by modern manufacturers from fragments or designs of the originals used by Josephine.

AMONG other recent notable gifts dating from the time, there is the harp of Queen Hortense, who was not only Josephine's daughter and mother of Em-

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peror Napoleon III, but also composed sentimental songs, of which one, at least, has a fame as wide as the world—"Partant pour la Syrie." As usual, where political feeling enters into historical criticism, her authorship, both of words and music, has been successively denied. They both came into the world under her name, and the alternative musical composer is Alvimare, Josephine's harp teacher—so the harp is in its place. It comes from Empress Eugénie, who had it in her husband's inheritance from his mother. In memory of her bereavement, the aged Empress has also bought land to keep an open vista from Malmaison toward Rueil, where the remains of Josephine and Hortense lie in the parish church, beneath sumptuous marble tombs, monuments of the filial piety of Hortense and Eugène, her brother, and of Emperor Napoleon III. To this land, Empress Eugénie wishes to transfer the mausoleum erected by public subscription for her son, the ill-fated Prince Imperial. It is at present placed in a private garden of Paris; and it is probably her pious intention to have his remains transferred hither—and, who knows?—Napoleon the Third's as well—at some time propitious to their memory.

IN the April number of *De Gids*, one of the leading monthlies of Holland, Mr. Th. M. Roest van Limburg publishes some startling facts with regard to the housing problem in Rotterdam. The author's statements carry weight, as they are based on an experience of years acquired as chief of the Rotterdam police. In this most prosperous of Dutch cities, 75 per cent. of the population lives on a yearly income of $400 or less, and of its half a million inhabitants, 30,000 live in single-room dwellings under the most unhygienic conditions. Queen Wilhelmina has lately shown her interest in the housing of the poor by personally visiting some of the most miserable haunts in Amsterdam. Her Majesty's example is bound to give a stimulus to every one concerned in solving this difficult problem.

TRAVELLERS who have left a part of their souls in Granada will be glad to hear that the restoration of the Alhambra, which is going on, is being done with due reserve and discretion. This is altogether to the credit of the Spanish architect, Cendoya. He has begun by unwearied researches in hitherto unexplored archives, so that he might tread only in the footsteps of the original builders. He has discovered that there were three palaces successively occupying the precincts, with mosques of the court and harem. He has also been able to ascertain the plan of the fortifications which shut in the precincts, and the history of their forty towers. In a square hall at the top of the tower of Las Damas he discovered the first portrait paintings by Arabs (Moors) which have yet been found. These have been studied by Dr. Edmond-Vidal, who is sure that they were painted by artists from Africa, and are not Byzantine works. They represent knights armed *cap-à-pie* riding to war or the chase.

The attitude of the persons is that peculiar to Arabs and is easily recognized by any one familiar with the North of Africa. Even the details show the Arabic orgin of these paintings: the features, cut of beard, movements, and garments—all belong to the Moors. The domestic animals—hunting hounds, mules, camels—are African. The Arab horse is drawn with an exactness which shows perfect acquaintance. The wild beasts are full of life; and it would be impossible for a painter to represent so faithfully the attitudes of such animals unless he had taken part in a lion or panther hunt.

Dr. Edmond-Vidal hopes to come on other finds of this little-known and long-doubted Arab art in Morocco. There the painters of the Alhambra took refuge when the Moors were expelled from Spain, and it is known that many palaces were decorated by them.

# Science

## EDUARD SUESS.

A TRIBUTE TO ONE OF THE MOST VERSATILE AND STRIKING OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

The death of Prof. Eduard Suess, of Vienna, on the 24th of April, removed one of the most versatile and striking of scientific men. For over sixty years his writings have made him known beyond his immediate Viennese circle; his long and busy life brought to him recognition from all quarters of the globe. Few scientific bodies of prominence failed to place his name on the list of honorary or corresponding members.

Professor Suess was born in London in March, 1831, and was the oldest son of a German merchant, an importer of wool from Bohemia. A few years later the growing consignments of this staple from Australia destroyed the Bohemian business and forced the elder Suess to remove to Prague. The parents planned that their son Eduard should enter his father's business, but as the lad approached manhood his fondness for natural science became too strong to be checked, and his career was shaped in accordance with his bent. His first published work was a description of the Carlsbad Springs, prepared when he was nineteen for the use of foreign visitors. By an extraordinary coincidence we find him returning to this theme fifty-two years later, and delivering in his seventy-first year an address, by invitation, to the Gesellschaft deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte. The society was in convention at Carlsbad at the time and the theme of hot springs ("Ueber heisse Quellen") was selected by Professor Suess. The paper is practically a further study of Carlsbad, with some conclusions regarding the derivation of the waters from deep-seated igneous rocks. It exercised no small influence upon the discussions then very animated in this country about the source of those ground-waters which rise from the depths of the earth. We may rank the contribution as one of the most influential among the many which came from the pen of the gifted author.

In 1851, when twenty years of age, and after student years passed in the Universities of Prague and Vienna, Eduard Suess became assistant in the Imperial Museum at the latter city. Six years later he became Ausserordentlicher Professor in the University. In 1862 he retired altogether from the Museum, and five years later received the full professor's chair. The ten years from 1851 to 1861 were chiefly passed in studies in one form of fossil life and another. Professor Suess's interest in the affairs of his home city was, however, deep and irrepressible. The water supply of the city was bad, and fevers were causes of grave anxiety. The great need of the community led him to prepare and to publish in 1862 a notable volume of 362 pages on the geological foundations of Vienna, their origin, structure, and relations to the life of the citizen ("Boden der Stadt Wien, nach seiner Bildungsweise, Beschaffenheit und Beziehungen zum bürgerlichen Leben"). The monograph led to the conclusion that a supply of pure drinking water from the Alps was necessary. Professor Suess at once sprang into prominence as an available adviser in these matters, and was elected to the Town Council and to the board having in charge the new aqueduct. When in 1873 the water was finally brought from a source over eighty miles away, the services of Professor Suess were recognized by an election as honorary burgess of the city.

In 1866 he entered the Austrian Parliament and for thirty years was one of the strong men of the Liberal party. His skill in expressing his thoughts in epigrammatic phrase gave several brief and terse sentences which became part of the common speech of the day. Parliamentary experience led to interest in the great economic questions then debated. The matter of the gold standard was becoming yearly more important. In consequence Professor Suess prepared in 1877 an essay on "The Future of Gold" which was widely read. In 1892, in the height of the silver agitation, he wrote a second brochure on "The Future of Silver." The conclusions were so much in harmony with the views of a strong faction in the American Congress that, by direction of the Committee on Finance of the United States Senate, the work was translated, printed in the Government Printing Office, and widely circulated. Professor Suess's conclusion, after a review of the mining industry for the precious metals, was summed up in these words (p. 100): "From this it follows, furthermore, that, *assuming that the system of metallic coinage continues to exist* (and I see as yet no prac-

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ticable substitute), *silver will become the standard metal of the earth.*" In this anticipation the course of events in the twenty-odd years since the publication of the essay must have left Professor Suess somewhat the possessor of hopes and expectations deferred. One cannot avoid recalling the words of J. D. Whitney, our distinguished countryman and one of the foremost mining geologists of his time, who, in the "Metallic Wealth of the United States" in 1854, wrote as follows (p. 185):

> Silver is in a geological point of view the metal best adapted to a standard of value, since—possessing all the valuable qualities of gold suitable for that purpose—it is not liable to those fluctuations in its production to which gold is exposed. There is no discovery of a new continent to be looked forward to, whose mines will deluge the world with silver, and any increase in the amount of metal produced must come chiefly from the working of mining regions already known, by the application of increased skill, and capital. As it is obtained mostly from mines wrought in the solid rock, any additional development they may acquire must be gradual, while gold from the very nature of its occurrence can never be produced with that steadiness which characterizes the metals wrought chiefly in deep and permanent mines.

Professor Whitney, no less than Professor Suess, could not foresee the gold production of the Transvaal, nor the vast output of silver from our Western lead and copper mines.

The greatest scientific services of Professor Suess were rendered in connection with physiography. With his remarkable work in this department of geology his name will always be most closely associated. As early as 1862 we find evidence in his papers of a growing interest in this special branch. He began by interpreting the strata of the past as a source of light on the geography of later time. In 1863 he advocated the former land connection of Africa with Southern Europe. Subsequent years of study and reading led to the preparation of his truly extraordinary book on "The Face of the Earth" ("Das Antlitz der Erde"). The first volume appeared in 1885, and passed through a second but unaltered edition in 1892. The second volume was issued in 1888. The first part of the third volume reached its readers in 1901 and the second part in 1909. During the last decade of the nineteenth century and the opening decade of the twentieth, geological exploration was very active in Asia and Africa, and brought ever new stores of information to Professor Suess. Happily they all came in time to be included in the closing volume of his *magnum opus*. As one reads the pages of this thorough review of the earth's physical features, one is amazed at the extent of the author's learning and researches. Every language containing geological records seems to have been at his command, and no part of the globe escaped his watchful eye. Every mountain range of to-day is studied from the point of view of its geological history and structure and as the end-product in a long series of events which are recorded in its strata.

Professor Suess became greatly impressed with the arc-like or crescentic outline of the ranges and emphasized this feature as had no previous observer. He also borrowed from the vocabulary of the miner the old-time word "Horst" for a block left in relief by down-dropping faults on each side. Both the terms, arcuate mountain ranges and Horsts, have in consequence become part of the common geological speech to-day. "Das Antlitz der Erde" has taken its place as a comprehensive compendium of the physical features of the earth and as the encyclopædic book of reference to which the physiographer and geologist naturally turn. It has been translated both into French and into English.

Professor Suess married in 1855 the daughter of a prominent physician of Prague—Dr. Strauss. He is survived by five sons and one daughter. An excellent portrait accompanies a sketch by Sir Archibald Geikie, in *Nature*, May 1, 1905.

J. F. Kemp.
Columbia University.

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A unique method in bird photography is described by Mr. Guy A. Bailey in *Bird-Lore* for March-April. By means of an electric current he releases the shutter of his camera at such a distance that he is able to obtain pictures of birds absolutely undisturbed by his presence. In a description of the whippoorwill, Mr. T. G. Pearson calls attention to the fact that this is one of the most valuable of birds to the farmer, since it destroys many harmful insects. Pictures are given of the granite monument, unveiled last October, which was set up in Salt Lake City as a thank-offering to the gulls that saved the first settlers from famine. It is the work of a grandson of Brigham Young, and is surrounded by a fountain where birds may quench their thirst. The incident commemorated happened in the summer of 1848, when flocks of gulls made successful war on the grasshoppers that were destroying the crops.

Peter Paul von Mauser, the inventor of the rifle bearing his name, died at Stuttgart, Germany, on May 29, at the age of seventy-six. Von Mauser was born on June 27, 1838, in Obendorf. While serving his time in the army he made a study of the technique of weapons, and in 1867 he went with his brother to Luttich, where, financed by an American named Norris, they perfected the Mauser rifle.

Sir Joseph William Swan, who died in England on May 27, was the inventor of the first incandescent electric lamp, which was produced in 1879, and of various other electrical devices, including a miners' safety lamp and an electric meter. He also invented the carbon process for making permanent photographs, known as Autotype, and discovered the means of making rapid dry plates, which revolutionized the art of photography. Sir Joseph was born on October 1, 1828, and was privately educated. His honorary degree of D.Sc. was from Durham University. He received the Hughes medal for his invention of the incandescent electric lamp in 1904, and was knighted in the same year. In 1905 the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was awarded him. He was past president of the Society of Chemical Industry, of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and of the Faraday Society, and was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, who perished in the wreck of the Empress of Ireland on May 29, was born in India on February 5, 1853, the son of G. B. Seton-Karr, of the Indian Civil Service and Resident Commissioner at Baroda during the Indian Mutiny. He was educated at Harrow and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where, in 1876, he took second-class honors in law. He was called to the bar in 1879. Sir Henry had travelled and shot big game in Western America, British Columbia, and Norway, and was interested in state colonization. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War. He was formerly a Member of Parliament, representing St. Helen's, Lancashire, from 1885-1906, in the Conservative interest. He was the author of "Call to Arms," 1900-1; "My Sporting Holidays," 1904, and various sporting articles and reviews. He was knighted in 1902.

Dr. Emil Gruening, formerly president of the American Ophthalmological Society and also of the American Otological Society, died in New York on May 30. He was born on October 2, 1842, in Hohensalva, Prussia, came to this country in 1862, and entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University. His course was interrupted by service in the Civil War, but he graduated in 1867. He studied abroad for three years under Virchow and Von Graefe in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, and began practice in New York city in 1870. Dr. Gruening filled various positions in the hospitals of New York, and at the time of his death was consulting surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, where he had served actively for thirty-five years, to the Mt. Sinai Hospital, the German Hospital, and to the New York Hospital for Women and Children. Dr. Gruening attained distinction in the two highly specialized branches of medicine, ophthalmology and otology. His most lasting achievement was the development of the mastoid operation as it is performed in America to-day. He was also the first to call attention to the danger of blindness from wood-alcohol poisoning. He contributed voluminously to medical journals on the subject of the eye and ear, and in the Encyclopædia of Diseases of the Eye, edited by Norris and Oliver, he wrote the chapter on Injuries to the Eyes.

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# Drama

## CRITICISM BY INSTINCT.

*Studies in Stagecraft.* By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton is a dramatic critic justly esteemed for information, alertness, coolness, sanity, and the command of a forcible and pointed English. In his latest work, comprising twenty-four essays on topics that combine generality with timeliness, he is ordinarily on the right side—the side of truth and seriousness against artifice and frivolity, of elasticity against rigor in the application of formulæ, of catholicity against exclusiveness, of imaginative suggestion against aggregations of detail. He is liberal enough to tolerate conventions, to admit farce and melodrama to the rights of legitimate drama, and to detect artistic possibilities in the moving-picture show; he even finds room in his text for a humane word on the much-decried commercial manager. He exalts duly, perhaps unduly, the functions of mechanism and management, but even here he endorses simplicity and combines an admiration for Belasco with a preference for Reinhardt. His most obvious bias is a fondness for novelty, an excessive emphasis on those heterodoxies of yesterday which have become the orthodoxies of to-day. Synge and Brieux, in particular, are glorified with a fervor hardly consistent with the ascendency which drama proper, as distinct from poetry or didacticism, should hold in the mind of a dramatic critic. We may add that the author's cool intellectualism gives an effect of partial unreality to the frequent superlatives and avowals of enthusiasm by which the march of the logic is rather checkered than checked.

Mr. Hamilton, like other observers, has been struck and a little perplexed by the extent to which contemporary dramatic successes are associated with the rejection or reversal of established principles. In "The Undramatic Drama," after an admirable exposition of the bankruptcy of all the formulæ from Aristotle to Brunetière, he is disposed to fall back upon Mr. Archer's dictum that "the only really valid definition of the dramatic is: Any representation of imaginary personages which is capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre"—a definition in which the critics intrench themselves behind impregnable defences, but announce at the same time the abandonment of the campaign. In an interesting paper, "The Plays of Yesteryear," the author puts forth a spirited and indignant reply to Mr. William Winter's* disparagement of the current theatre in the interest of the theatre of fifty years ago, and the younger critic has made out his case, if we concede his tacit assumptions that not répertoires, but products, and the best of the products, shall be accepted as the ground of comparison for the two periods. Under the heading, "Organizing an Audience," cordial and apparently merited endorsement is given to the work of the Drama League, though one suspects Mr. Hamilton of a vague idea that there exists somewhere a latent or potential audience, not included in the ninety-odd millions of the latest American census, which can be summoned from the vasty deep by the conjurations of an enterprising society.

Mr. Hamilton sets much store by analysis, but analysis is hardly his strong point. He is both fortunate and unfortunate in the mastery of a logical mechanism and cast of sentence which is equally well fitted to embody the clearness of his thinking or to disguise its obscurity. When he has fixed a thought in one of these logical moulds, his self-criticism ceases; his eye for relations of all kinds is quick, but he lacks the circumspection which converts acuteness into sagacity. For instance, on page 18, he talks about "expressing poetry" and defines poetry as "that solemn, tremulous happiness," etc., thus, in a single paragraph, confounding poetry, first, with the feeling out of which it springs, and, secondly, with the feeling which it awakens. On page 125 the "staggeringly admirable" craftsmanship of Pinero's "Thunderbolt" leads him to infer the necessity of a return to nature, obviously on the theory that naturalness declines as art rises. But this generalization, true of certain phases of art, is not true of art as a whole, and that "The Thunderbolt" is not comprised in those phases is proved by the fact that its superiority in naturalness to a play like "The Profligate" or "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" is as noteworthy as its superiority in art. The illustrations are sometimes partial. To compare the effectiveness of appeals to the ear and eye, he cites (pages 34-35) as representative of the two senses a single line from Alfred Noyes and the Venus of Milo. At this rate, conclusiveness is easy. Mr. Hamilton should retrench or renovate his philosophy; to philosophize for the uncritical is futile; and if, as we gladly concede, he has written a good book in spite of all deductions, it is because his opinions are the outcome of his sound instincts rather than of his fallible analysis.

*A reference to Mr. Winter's text shows that that gentleman is assailing representations while Mr. Hamilton is defending literature.

An English version, by Federico Sardo and Carlos D. S. Wuppermann (Albert & Charles Boni), of Don José Echegaray's "Mariana" (75 cents net), does scant justice to a work of notable imagination and power. It is written grammatically and probably with literal correctness, but the style is cramped and awkward, without fluency or much sense of characterization. It may, however, serve to give English readers some notion of the dramatic abilities of the Spanish dramatist. In its use of highly improbable coincidence and artificial mechanism, the piece doubtless belongs to the category of romantic melodrama rather than true tragedy, but in the ingenuity of its plot, in deftness of construction, in the presentation of varied and well-balanced personalities, and in the intensely emotional climax, it is masterly. The workmanship is comparable with that of some of the cleverest inventions of Sardou. The heroine is a beautiful young woman, rich, brilliant, and passionate, whose natural disposition has been warped by her experience in childhood of the tragic fate of her mother, the victim of a heartless and infamous seducer. Mistrustful of all men, she plays the part of an unscupulous coquette, alternately alluring and repulsing her adorers, until, in spite of herself, she falls in love with Daniel, whom she has tortured most of all. At the moment of surrender to him she discovers that he is the son of her mother's betrayer. In her despair she bestows her hand upon a rival and thus brings about the final tragedy. The two central characters of Mariana and her lover are veracious studies showing a rare gift of psychological analysis. They have a dramatic value altogether independent of the circumstances in which they are placed, and to which they contribute the necessary theatrical thrill. They are developed with consistency, are artistically supplementary to each other, and come logically to the catastrophe in which they are overwhelmed. And in these days of sexual realism it is worth noting how a genuine dramatist, telling a story of passion, can make it theatrically poignant without any approach to cheap vulgarity. Other personages in the cast, the chivalrous but stupid soldier; the purblind and semi-grotesque old archæologist; his fair and frail wife and her *cavaliere servente;* the benevolent Joaquin, and the rest, are conventional types, on the English as on the Spanish stage, but are delineated with a sure and skilful touch, while each is worked adroitly into the general scheme. Their outlines are badly blurred in the present interpretation.

Thanks to the investigations conducted by Dr. Mummenhoff, archivist of Nuremberg, it has now been definitely ascertained that Hans Sachs, the poet and dramatist of the sixteenth century, was born at 23, Brunnengasse. This street used to be known as the Kotgasse. Unfortunately, the original No. 23 was partly demolished in 1874, and made one building with the next house. Hans became proprietor of No. 23 when he married Kunigunda Kreuzerin in 1519, and was still the owner in 1542, when he

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bought the well-known house in the present Hans Sachsgasse.

Laurence Sydney Brodribb Irving, the actor and manager, who went down with his wife in the disaster to the Empress of Ireland on May 29, was the second son of the late Sir Henry Irving and Florence Fanny O'Callaghan. He was educated at Marlborough College, and at the Collège Rollin, in Paris. Originally intending to enter the diplomatic service, he was drawn towards the stage, and in 1893 made his first appearance at Dundee in F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company. After some experience in the provinces he joined his father, for whom he wrote "Peter the Great," a play of considerable merit, although unsuccessful. He was the translator of "Robespierre," which was written for Sir Henry by Sardou, and himself played Tallien. He continued to play various rôles in his father's company until he entered into management for himself, acting in England in "Bonnie Dundee" and "Richard Lovelace," and later in "Raffles." He had made great advancement as an actor, proving himself an eccentric comedian of fine finish, when he and his wife (Mabel Hackney) appeared in New York in 1909-10 in "The Incubus" ("Les Hannetons") and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Recently he was the Iago in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Othello."

# Music

A book by Caruso entitled "Wie man singen soll" ("How to Sing") is to appear soon in Germany.

Some years ago, when Mark Twain gave a dinner to caricaturists, Caruso was greatly disappointed at not being invited. "Perhaps," he said, "he knows me only as a singer!" To his artistic colleagues he is almost as well known as a caricaturist as he is as the leading tenor of the time. A day hardly passes when he does not sketch somebody. The Italian periodical *La Follia* prints many of these caricatures, and a revised collection is now offered in book form by the publishers of that journal. What strikes one as peculiar is that he hardly ever succeeds with women. The pictures of Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Bori, and some others are simply hideous, without even a faint resemblance as a redeeming feature. Far better are his caricatures of men; some of them, indeed, are worthy of the greatest artists. Humperdinck, Leoncavallo, Massenet, Mahler, Gatti-Casazza, Alfonso XIII, are among these. His pictures of himself are among the funniest. Excellent also are the drawings of Toscanini, Polacco, and Hertz, whose gradual evolution from a heart is particularly ludicrous.

"Who's Who in Music and Drama" (New York: H. P. Hanaford) is a volume of 555 pages, edited by Dixie Hines and Harry Prescott Hanaford, which gives not only elaborate data regarding the careers of prominent artists of the dramatic and the musical stage, but contains also the casts of first performances in several cities and other useful features.

Scherer and Dirks's "Deutsche Lieder" is a collection of German songs made by the supervisor of German in the public schools of Indianapolis (New York: American Book Company; 25 cents). The best German poets are represented. Some of the songs are for one voice, with piano accompaniment; others are provided with three or four-part music.

"Petit Recueil de Chants Français" is a collection of forty-eight French songs for use in schools and homes, made by H. Carter and G. Dyson (Oxford University Press). Attention is called in the preface to the fact that, while France has produced fewer songs for high-school pupils, it has been fertile in songs for the younger children. Many of them are printed in Wekerlin's three volumes, entitled "Echos du Temps passé"; the editors have borrowed some of these, substituting other poems for those that were of an amorous nature. All these songs are very simple, both in melody and in harmony, and in character and style they are delightfully Gallic.

The latest addition to the Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Company is an "Anthology of German Piano Music" ($1.50), selected and edited by Moritz Moszkowsky. It begins with Froberger (who died in 1667), and ends with Beethoven. Other composers included are: Pachelbel, Kuhnau, Mattheson, Moffat, Handel, Graun, three Bachs, Krebs, Kirnberger, Haydn, Hässler, and Mozart. Most of these composers are now forgotten, but Moszkowsky has succeeeded in rescuing pieces of theirs which are decidedly worth hearing. The editor's pithy comments on these composers are printed in the original, as well as in a translation, by F. C. Burkart.

The Dresden baritone, Scheidermantel, has received the prize of 10,000 marks offered by the German Stage Association for the best new translation, into German, of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." There were sixty-seven competitors. The great esteem in which this masterwork (neglected in New York) is held in Germany is shown by the great importance attached to this competition. Among the judges were such eminent men as Leopold Schmidt, Otto Neitzel, Schillings, Krebs, and Fuchs.

Mr. Thomas Beecham has prepared a revised version of "The Magic Flute" for the opening of the opera season at Drury Lane this summer. He has not touched the music, but he has compressed and somewhat altered the various scenes, so as to speed the action up somewhat. Further, he is abolishing the usual spoken dialogue, and is substituting some specially written recitatives, in the Mozartian style, to be accompanied by a small band of nine stringed instruments and a harpsichord. In Mr. Beecham's opinion, the conventional condemnation of this opera, on the ground that its libretto is absurd, is in itself absurd. He cannot understand why some people persist in regarding opera as a species of real life upon the stage. The realists who introduce into an opera such phrases as "Have a whiskey and soda" are doing something that is more ridiculous than the "Magic Flute" libretto.

# Art

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 4, 1914.

The Academy is always the Academy. Yet perhaps, if anything, there is less to arrest the attention this year than usual; but, on the other hand, as usual, little arrests it so successfully as the work of Sargent.

A portrait of Henry James would be an event in any case. Sargent gives it the vitality and vigor so in contrast to the inanimate, wooden Academic portraits surrounding it that you would stop to look at it, even if you did not know who was the sitter. It is small, a half-length, with no special distinction of pose or design, but an admirable likeness, full of character in the shape of the head, the subtlety of the mouth, in the familiar attitude, one hand stuck in the armhole of the waistcoat, in the waistcoat itself; and then it gives the sense of life and power in the painter to which Sargent owes his too easy triumph in a lifeless exhibition. He scores with so slight a struggle that I never go to the Academy without wishing he could be tesfed by comparison with the masters, as he would be were his Henry James of this year placed by the side, for instance, of that beautiful head of the old Philip at the National Gallery. At the Academy he has no masters, and but one or two rivals. Few other portraits have any serious claim to consideration. He himself sends a second, for the moment breaking through his resolve to have done with portraiture. But in his Lady Rocksavage, also a small half-length, he suggests more interest in reviving the old Lely formula than in studying the character of his sitter, with the result that he gives a charm, a grace, not heretofore associated with his work, and little besides.

After him the honors fall, curiously enough, to G. A. Storey, an Associate of many years' standing, who has seen a long succession of his contemporaries recognized by election to full membership, while he was passed by. He has been content during all these years to exhibit rather colorless paintings nobody remembers, and then suddenly, last spring and this, he resurrected masterly little portraits, presumably done in his youth, that either were not shown or not understood at the time. One, this spring, is A Young Painter, said to be himself; the other is Edward Cressy, Architect and Savant, of whom the present generation, I fancy, now first hears, and in both, though the manner is a tribute to the Old Masters, the beauty is in the expression of a distinct and arresting personality, in the careful and sensitive modelling, in

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the appreciation for the right placing of head or figure on the canvas.

The expression of personality, but in the painter rather than in her sitters, makes Mrs. Swynnerton's David and Jonathan, Sons of H. Fenwick, Esq., stand out with undeniable force. The two small boys, in their childish white, have wandered along a straight path to the immediate foreground of a brilliant sun-drenched garden. Flowers and foliage have something of that metallic quality which Mrs. Swynnerton finds everywhere in Nature, in the faces and little bare legs of the children as well as in the flowers; the children themselves are merely subordinate details in the whole design; but she sees so frankly for herself and has evolved a way so frankly her own of putting down what she sees that she forces respect even when the violence of her vision may be deplored. It is extraordinary how the honesty with which she works out her scheme and the unity she achieves in working it out, strike one in a room where far more conspicuous places have been assigned to Mrs. Laura Knight's March Many-Weathers and John Lavery's The Studio of the Painter. The group of Mrs. Knight's canvas, a man on a horse with a child seated in front of him and the storm-agitated sky, fairly jump at you from the frame as if their ultimate object were to compete with the familiar big machines of a Paris Salon, and whatever merits of workmanship there may be are overwhelmed by the brutality of the technique. Lavery pits himself against Velasquez on too huge a scale to remain unnoticed. It is a dangerous game to play, and he cannot be said to come off with flags flying. As in Las Meninas, there is the group of figures in the Studio, there are the reflections in the mirror, there is the painter at work, there is the wide space above in the lofty room. But Velasquez filled this space in his room with atmosphere and made it an essential part of his composition; in his Studio Lavery leaves it a vast expanse of canvas and is unable to conceal the difficulty he found in daubing it over with paint. Each figure in Velasquez's group is as perfect as the group itself. But perhaps the comparison is unfair, too cruel, and no doubt Lavery is reserving his best things for his own show next month.

In point of size Herkomer's Managers and Directors of the Firm of Krupp in Essen goes still further than Lavery's Studio. But the wilderness of canvas is no better than a coarse bit of scene-painting, the figures posing as if for the camera, in spite of a desperate determination to represent each one as doing something. Herkomer might have found out from Rembrandt and Hals that men and women may live on the painter's canvas when they sit or stand there doing nothing. However, if Herkomer never fulfilled the promise held out by some of his early work, like The Chelsea Pensioners, if his portraits again this year are without refinement, or grasp of character, or sensitiveness to the beauty of paint and the dignity of design, still with him the Academy loses one of its few members who had the courage of experiment and fearlessness in tackling a large canvas.

There is the inevitable annual crop of wooden royalties, judges and statesmen in their robes, well-known men and women of the day, but nothing else of note. Sir James Guthrie paints with official restraint an official portrait of the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, but he himself has surpassed it often when less weighed upon by the splendors and insignia of office. Mr. J. J. Shannon's recent sitters have not succeeded in interesting him or providing for him the chance he made such fine use of in his Phil May. C. H. Shannon, when Miss Miriam Levy posed for him, was much more engrossed in her Embroidered Shawl, which he has the honesty to give as title to the portrait. To look at Orpen's portraits is to suspect him of a cheerful willingness to rest on his laurels now that he has discovered, as most Associates and Academicians discover sooner or later in their career, that, an Academicial reputation once secured, the artist has but to keep to the broad and easy road to success for the remainder of his life. With a trifle more subtlety Clausen might have captured the character which he seems to have divined in Thomas Oakey, Esq., and then promptly lost in over-insisting upon it, and this is as true of Gerald Kelly in his study of Lady Gregory, for he emphasizes her strongly marked features almost to the verge of caricature. George Henry prefers to sacrifice character to prettiness and veers more and more to the Christmas supplement and the fashion-plate, a tendency to be regretted in so able a painter. And for the rest, Academicians like Dicksee and Fildes, Ouless and Solomon repeat the performances, each in his Academic way, which have rewarded them with a lifetime of popularity and prosperity. Where the public has grown accustomed to looking for them, there will their portraits be found.

There also, where the public has long been trained to look, the Academic subject picture dear to the Academic heart will not be searched for in vain. Some of the most popular painters of the Academical anecdote have gone forever with Leighton and Tadema, some show signs of weariness with Marcus Stone, who sends merely a study for another version of his young-ladyish sentimental problem in costume. But the president, Sir E. J. Poynter, is faithful, bringing his old treatment of laborious minuteness to his new subject, The Sea-Bath; and Academicians and Associates of the younger generation have quickly learned which way success lies. Indeed, the administrators of the Chantrey Fund could leave them no possibility of doubt in the matter. These administrators have been criticised during a long succession of springs, Royal Commissions have sat upon them, inquiries have been instituted. But they pay no heed, cheerfully going on their way undismayed, knowing what they want and getting it, whether or no it is what lovers of art want and what Chantrey left his money for. As they have bought Leightons and Herkomers, Dicksees and Vicat Coles for large sums in the past, so this spring they have lavished fifteen hundred pounds on a manufactured anecdote by Cadogan Cowper, who, young Associate as he still is, already is represented in the collection at the Tate Gallery.

Lucretia Borgia Reigns in the Vatican in the Absence of the Pope Alexander VI is the theme he has chosen as a peg on which to hang an infinity of detail and an orgy of crude scarlet paint. The Pinturicchio ceiling in the Vatican chamber is copied with a patience that has nothing to do with art; the cardinals and priests are rendered with an elaboration that is apt to be called Pre-Raphaelitic, though it has nothing to do with Pre-Raphaelitism, having none of the genuineness, the seriousness, the fervor that makes itself felt in the most immature achievements of the Brotherhood; symbols are scattered about, or I suppose they are symbols; mechanical gestures are relied upon for the dramatic effect; from beginning to end there is no study of Nature, no real observation—but, for that matter, after seeing the artist's portrait of a sportsman in the same show, I should question whether he has ever yet managed to open his eyes in the face of Nature or men and women as they exist in life and not in the painted anecdote. The Lucretia is the sort of picture that always seems built up for exhibition centres and Chantrey collections, and that, even if it has driven hundreds to the excesses of Cubism and Futurism and other foolish isms, continues to set the standard for the Royal Academy.

A much smaller sum of Chantrey money has been invested in Maurice Greiffenhagen's Women by a Lake; the three figures, with their draperies falling in simple massive folds, set against the blue sky of night that falls like a screen behind them. The design is a little artificial in its romanticism, a little empty; the color scheme is rather arbitrary. But the lines and spacing have a rhythmical feeling; Greiffenhagen is an artist who has done good work—better work which the Chantrey

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trustees naturally disdained—and his Jewel certainly is the best thing of the kind in the Academy. To be sure, it is almost the only thing of the kind. I can name nothing else with it except perhaps Anning Bell's large Marriage at Cana, but this is so based on the old Italian painters that one sees in it chiefly an intelligent and sympathetic echo. Near it hangs a dark and purposeless Winter by C. H. Shannon, in which the design is as hard to find as the meaning. Edward Stott's subjects have gradually been leading him from the laborers he once painted in the English country he knew to the land of Biblical legend, where he must rely upon his own invention or the invention of others. The charm of his paintings was in their truth to Nature, the figures introduced in his landscape to give value to the gathering darkness at the close of day, to the mystery of the moon and starlit night. But when he began to borrow them from the Bible, he began also to subordinate his landscape to them, to insist upon the legend, until this year his Motherhood is not only such a group of a woman and her children as Raphael painted, but has all the sentiment and sugary sweetness of Raphael's made-to-order Madonnas. Charles Sims is losing himself almost as hopelessly in the maze of allegory, for which his art has scarcely the elegance, the distinction, which alone could justify it. William Strang, in his group of Card-Players, continues to dally with Post-Impressionism, which, but for him and one other exhibitor, would show no trace of its influence at the Academy. This other exception is, unexpectedly, Clausen, but as yet, to judge from the nude he calls Primavera, it has led him merely to simplification, not stridency, of tone and color. Many subjects besides these will claim admirers, but they are not worth even the easy task of exposing their triviality.

The landscapes arouse no greater enthusiasm. Here again Sargent towers by the sheer force of his impression and the vivacity with which he records it. He does not risk losing it by closer and more intimate study, nor improve upon it by deliberate arrangement. He gives what might be called the painter's snap-shot. It is amazingly clever, amazingly true. You feel the sun burning the hillside below his Cypresses and Pines, you blink in the strong light, and you feel also—in this and his two smaller sketches—the enjoyment of the painter in his power to express himself and his subject with each touch of his brush. Adrian Stokes is another landscape painter who, it is clear, enjoys himself while he is painting, but in a very different way. His is the close and intimate study of Nature. You see how faithfully he has followed the subtler effects of light on the sand-hills, the value of reeds and herons in the Marshes near the Sea, how tenderly he has noted the delicate gradations of color in the sky and on the dunes. His paintings are quiet, unobtrusive, but few others in the Academy convey such a sense of the painter's pleasure in his work and in his emotions before Nature. Clausen's large In the Fields in June explains the problem he set himself—the impressive beauty of a great level stretch of land under a great sweep of cloud-laden sky, and the dignity of the tiller of the soil. But he gets no further than the explanation. Level and sky are empty, and the figures have no relation to them. Mr. Mark Fisher's landscapes always have quality and dignity; they are always well composed; they never betray one's confidence in him as an accomplished painter. It must be confessed, however, that they tend to monotony, so that to describe them would be to repeat the description of former years. But what a relief it is to turn to them from the landscapes of the average painter, whose canvases reveal nothing save his own discretion in cultivating the monotony of mediocrity upon which the Academy has once passed approval.

Of the water-colors and the black-and-whites there is not much to say, except that the Academy, with an unwonted disregard of tradition, has removed them from their old sad quarters to two more spacious galleries, Nos. X and XI. Exhibitors will probably be alone in seeing an improvement in a departure which means a gain in quantity, not quality. The sculpture barely rises above the same depressing level. The absence of Alfred Gilbert is the more regretted as the years go on. Nor does the presence of Havard Thomas offer sufficient amends. The rejection of his Narcissus by the Academy was the year's scandal a few springs since; its acceptance now of his Thyrsis, a bronze, will create less talk. One can see in it but a careful study of a naked model. A bust of A. G. Ross, Esq., by John Tweed, has a rugged character; a bust of Lamia by Alfred J. Oakley and a tall, simple figure of Silence by W. Reid Dick are promising as the work of younger men. Americans will be interested to see Derwent Wood's Sketch Model for the William Pitt statue for the Capitol, Washington, simply because it is to go to Washington, while the same reason will make them wish it had more inherent dignity than the wig and costume of the period can give. In the architectural room one hesitates, as always, to pronounce an opinion, so overcrowded are the walls, so technically dry are most of the drawings, so dull the general effect. If John Russell Pope's Design for a Memorial to Lincoln in Washington, "Authorized by U. S. Congress," was exhibited at all, surely it deserved a more honored place than a corner on the walls of the vestibule, where nobody ever looks for anything except the time on the clock over the central door.

As I finish writing I hear the news of the attack upon Sargent's portrait of Henry James by a woman whose excuse is her desire for the vote. It makes one think of Whistler's saying that even the fool may do harm. Her action has deprived the Academy of its chief interest and the National Portrait Gallery of a portrait which the friends and admirers of Henry James had taken pride and pleasure in presenting to it.

N. N.

# Finance

## "PSYCHOLOGY" AND PROSPERITY.

President Wilson laid stress, in his answer last week to the Western manufacturers' delegation, on the theory that the present halt or depression in trade is psychological in its origin. He was not alone in that diagnosis of it; some of the most experienced financiers and manufacturers, especially in their private conversation, have described it in exactly the same way. But the explanation is rather unsatisfactory, for the several reasons that it is vague, that it leads nowhere very definitely, and that it may be made a pretext (as was the case in the famous "Sunshine movement" of 1908) for declaring obstinately that conditions do not exist which every one knows are in visible operation.

"Psychology" has beyond any doubt a powerful influence in emphasizing tendencies, already operative for other reasons. Force of example is unquestionably contagious. In panic times, a great many people economize who do not need in the least to do so—precisely as, in "boom times," a good part of the community lives beyond its means, because of the general atmosphere of prosperity. The man who is perpetually feeling his own pulse and taking his own temperature may be really in good health, but he will sometimes develop the symptoms of disease by merely looking for them. It is not wholly different with "business."

But in any case, some actual economic influence, in the community at large, is always back of these imaginary movements. The psychological influence may merely have put a more striking color on the situation; or it may have prolonged that situation, after the legitimate cause for it is past; but either supposition assumes that a real cause is or has been in operation. The question at present is, In which of these two ways is the mental influence operating? If it is merely emphasizing real conditions,

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then the problem remains, as to what is causing those conditions. If it is artificially prolonging a situation whose actual cause has ceased to operate, then forces are accumulating which must greatly accelerate the movement of recovery, when the truth of the matter is visible to every one.

On Tuesday of last week, in the New York Stock Exchange, only 76,232 shares of stock changed hands. That suggested interesting comparisons. It was barely one-fourth of the average full day's trading, even in recent years. It was low record for 1914 to date, and the smallest since the 57,600-share day on the 24th of last November, when the showing attracted wide attention. But what is still more in point, it was, with four exceptions, the smallest business of any five-hour day in eighteen years.

Nor was it an isolated case. The total Stock Exchange transactions of last month were the smallest of any May since 1897. The same was true of last February; and, in fact, to find a smaller twelve months' total than that of 1913 as a whole, one would have to go back upon the record to the same year 1897—a year when the great financial and industrial "boom" of the decade past had not yet begun. This is a rather extraordinary series of comparisons. It naturally suggests the inquiry, whether, now that the epoch-making financial and industrial boom that followed that interesting year is over, we have permanently relapsed, on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere, into the era of small things which existed seventeen years ago.

That question may be promptly answered in the negative. To take only three typical bases on which to measure the difference between the periods, we shall find that, although the sales of shares on the Stock Exchange last year were the smallest since 1897, the country's clearing house exchanges in 1913 were $169,500,000,000, as against $57,400,000,000 in 1897; its iron production 30,966,000 tons, as against 9,652,000, and its population 98,700,000, as against 72,600,000. Comparison of bank deposits, production of manufactures, and total estimated wealth would show an equal or greater expansion during the intervening period, and those are the economic factors which, under normal circumstances, regulate the legitimate volume of both investment and speculation in Stock Exchange securities.

How are we, then, to explain this remarkable shrinkage in business on the Stock Exchange? One explanation is, that a great part of the huge transactions on the Stock Exchange, in the decade after 1897, was in reality fictitious business. It largely represented sales and purchases made simultaneously by the same customers; and, aside from that, an excessively rapid succession of purchases and sales, made in great blocks by speculators who were following a violently manipulated market. That class of business has certainly disappeared from the market of the past two years; a very substantial part of it will never return, for the reason that it has fallen distinctly and rightly under the ban, both of the Stock Exchange authorities and of the statute law.

This would account for a substantial shrinkage from the activities of 1901 or 1906, for instance, but not for a fall to the small totals of 1897. It is supplemented, therefore, by two other familiar explanations. One is, that the decade of enormously heavy dealing in stocks was a period of rapid and perpetual change of intrinsic values, due to a dozen different causes, and that both speculative and investment buying naturally followed it; whereas intrinsic values now are not changing with any such rapidity. The other is, that both investors and speculators are perplexed and uncertain about numerous phenomena of the day. They believe general economic conditions in this country to be too sound to justify selling of such securities as they hold, but cannot see far enough and clearly enough ahead to persuade themselves to buy more.

There remains another influence to consider—international in its scope—which the progress of time will eventually remove. We had our great economic boom; it culminated in the economic crisis; then came the long and trying era of liquidation and rehabilitation. In this country, that period has already been prolonged beyond the usual scope of the aftermath of great financial panics. The one reason clearly in evidence for that prolongation has been the economic distress and the absolute tie-up of capital, on all the world's markets outside of the United States, due to their own extravagant experiments with capital, which came later than our own. Perhaps that liquidation also must be ended, before we can be sure that our own Stock Exchange activities, and with them the play of business confidence and credit, are again under wholly normal influences.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

### FICTION.

Bradley, M. H. The Palace of Darkened Windows. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Bruce, Henry. The Eurasian. London: Long.
Conrad, J. The Nigger of the Narcissus. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Daviess, M. T. The Tinder Box. Century Company. $1 net.
O'Brien, H. V. New Men for Old. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Pugh, Edwin. Punch and Judy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Tchekoff, Anton. Stories of Russian Life. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Thorne, G. Chance in Chains. Sturgis & Walton. $1.10 net.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell. The Life of Walter Bagehot. Longmans. $4 net.
Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Ed. by T. Rice Holmes. London: Warner. £1 1s.
Carpenter, W. S. The Summer Paradise in History. The Delaware & Hudson Co.
Count Lützow. The Hussite Wars. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Fitch, A. H. Junípero Serra. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Funston, F. Memories of Two Wars. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hall, E. H. Excavations in Eastern Crete, Vrokasto. Philadelphia: University Museum.
Innes, A. D. A Source Book of English History. Vol. II. Putnam. $1.10 net.
Moore, E. The Physician in English History. Putnam. 65 cents net.
Osborne, T. M. Within Prison Walls. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Sanday, W. The Life Work of Samuel Rolles Driver. Oxford University Press.

### GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Taft, W. H. The United States and Peace. Scribner. $1 net.
Wickersham, G. W. The Changing Order. Putnam.

### RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carpenter, W. B. The Spiritual Message of Dante. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Carrington, H. The Problems of Psychical Research. Rickey. $2 net.
D'Eraines, J. Le Problème des Origines et des Migrations. Brussels: Groenveldt. 7 fr. 50c.
Grossmann, L. The Real Life. Bloch Publishing Co.
Hibbert Lectures Series: The Early Development of Mohammedanism, by D. G. Margoliouth. Scribner.
Kerr, A. The Republic of Plato. Chicago: Kerr.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Antrim, S. B. and E. I. The County Library. Van Wert: The Pioneer Press.
Bennett, C. E. Syntax of Early Latin. Vol. II. The Cases. Allyn & Bacon. $4.
Burke, Edmund. Present Discontents. Putnam. 80 cents net.
Crippen, Layton. Clay and Fire. Holt.
Fletcher, R. H. Principles of Composition and Literature. Barnes.
Manual of the Russian Language. Leipzig: Baedeker. Scribner.
Mencken, Nathan, and Wright. Europe After 8:15. Lane. $1.25 net.
Monahan, Michael. At the Sign of the Van. Nova Hibernia. Kennerley. $2 net. $1.50 net.
Montessori, Maria. Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook. Stokes. $1 net.
Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Volume VII. Numbers 3-4. Chicago: University Press.
Rand, B. Shaftesbury's Second Characters. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Sommer, H. O. The Structure of Le Livre d'Artus. London: Hachette.

### SCIENCE.

Brown, W. Habit Interference in Sorting Cards. Berkeley: University of California.
Crocker, F. B., and Arendt, M. Electric Motors. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
French, A. The Beginner's Garden Book. Macmillan. $1.
Hughes, A. L. Photo-Electricity. Putnam. $2 net.
Pease, A. E. The Book of the Lion. Scribner.
Praeger, R. L. Weeds. Putnam. 45 cents net.

### TRAVEL.

Baedeker's Russia. Scribner. $5.40 net.
Fraser, J. F. The Amazing Argentine. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Garnett, L. M. J. Greece of the Hellenes. Scribner.
Ridger, A. Loton. A Wanderer's Trail. Holt. $3 net.

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POETRY.

Earls, M. Ballads of Childhood. Benziger. $1 net.
Howard, K. Candle Flame. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Jacob, C. F. Driftwood and Foam. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

ART.

Bryant, L. M. What Sculpture to See in Europe. Lane. $1.35 net.
Phillipps, L. M. Art and Environment. $2.25 net.
Waldstein, Charles. Greek Sculpture and Modern Art. Putnam. $2.50 net.

DRAMA.

Hauptmann, G. The Sunken Bell. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Jones, H. A. Mary Goes First. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Thomas, A. E. Her Husband's Wife. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.


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